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Certayne Notes Of Instruction In English Verse; The Steele Glas; The Complaynt Of Philomene (1895)

George Gascoigne
George Whetstones

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English Reprints

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse

1575

2. The Steele Glas

[Commenced April 1575 Finished April 1576]

April 1, 1576

3. The Complaynt of Philomene

[Commenced April 1562 Continued in April 1575 Finished 3 April 1576]

April 1576

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well imployed Life, and godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, etc.

[*Ent. Stat. Hall* 11 Nov. 1577]

EDITED BY

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WESTMINSTER

A. CONSTABLE AND CO.

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CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at *pp* 15-30)

of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet

---

* Probable or approximate dates.

1509. Apr 22. Henry VIII begins to reign.

Youth

* 1535-37 GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J Gascoigne, *p* 18 The date or place of his birth is not known If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [*see* 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

At Cambridge

He goes to Cambridge 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [*see* 1576]

> Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
> I meane the worthy Vniuersitities,
> (And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
> Whereof I was vnworthy member once) *p* 77.

1553. July 6 Mary succeeds to the throne.

A member of Gray's Inn.

Harl MS 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671, together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; *fol* 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590, *fol* 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters'

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn 43 admitted in the same year *Harl. MS* 1912, *fol* 33

1557 May 24 Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoine,' *Idem*, *fol.* 204

1558. Nov 17 Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' *p.* 42. 'Disinherited,' *p* 17

1562 Apr Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmisford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished' *pp* 86, 119

In *The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis* which

A member of Gray's Inn.

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:
. . . . . .
Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl MS.* 1912, is the following

1555 Mr Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo Gascoigne, Tho
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, *fol* 238.

1565. Gascoigne pays the above fines In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat. . . .* The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit . . .* John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia . . .* Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*. and therwith his *Vix bene*. Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum æneum et miserabile œuum . .* And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne and therefore called Gascoigne's memories *Posies*, 1575

1575. Apr. 26 Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Gouernment* A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet* III 7.

1566. Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ansto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English *prose* acted, either in public or private' *Collier, Hist Dram Poet* III. 6.

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides—'the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage' *Collier, Idem* p 8 Gascoigne contributes Acts II, III, V; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts I and IV, and C, afterwards Sir C, Yelverton, the Epilogue Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton.*

Newly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566" At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first *published* verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke

The pearle of price, which englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche . that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles may please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

? Marries
? Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a crosbowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his woodmen Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse [This poem was published in 1572]

1572. Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie* · respecting which he afterwards says "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies True it is that I vvas not vn villinge the same shoulde be imprinted" for which he assigns four reasons *1st Pref to 'Posies,'* 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The frutes of Warre,* 'begon at *Delfe* in *Hollande*', Gascoigne says 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author, not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit i.* 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend, the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge, but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it, the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers

In Holland, fighting for the Dutch.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp, from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty, but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague. the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight" Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military band with his band were in consequence made captives At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb. He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Ianuarie' 1574-5: and Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

Leading a literary life.

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures*, *Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeed inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Herbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third, *To the Reader* "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort. Herbes to cure*, and *Weedes to be auoyded* So haveI ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575 April — Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas:* and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, *pp* 86, 119

1575. — *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575 After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie* This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27. — Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c for her entertainment These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Court at Kenelworth*, and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575. constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception

Sept. 11. — The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576 Jan 1 — He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke* This is now in the British Museum *MS. Reg 18 A. xlviii*, *p* 27. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p. after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye, 8 pp Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 *pp*, Latin, 15 *pp*, Italian 15 *pp*, French 13 *pp*; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 *p*

In his address at *fol* 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such Iattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c

1576. Apr. 3. — He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene* *p* 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15

1576. Apr. 12. — In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial exploytes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had

Leading a literary life.

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same. there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spente his time in this loytering vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne And amongst the rest this present *Discourse* The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourbisher* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfreyes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therwithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables* of *Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford[b 1528—d 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauvayle in weake plight for health as your good L
1576. May 2. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

? In the Queen's service.

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongest some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume slacke comely couered, and wel worse handled For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Caracters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspycuous, nor the end perfect So that I cannot certaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And thereupon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same The whiche . . . . I haue thought meete to entytle *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities, The shame of sinne, The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humanæ conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b 1160—d 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatour thereof with sicknesse So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same" *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards*

1577. Jan 1 He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS* 18 *A lxi* ff. 275 '*The Grief of Joy* Certayne Elegies wherein the doubtfull delightes of mannes lyfe are displaied' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

? In the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode* and *Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtriusque fortunæ*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songs) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But withowt the confirmation of your fauorable acceptanns (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vndeserued fauor) may sufficienthe witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greuous doubtes, do often accompany oure greattest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *Penuoie;* then the four Songs (1) *The greeues or discommodities of lustie youth*, (2) *The vanities of Bewtie*, (3) *The faults of force and Strength*, (4) *The vanities of Actiuityes*, which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

Death.

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembrance*

O G[ilchrist], in *Cens. Lit. ii* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success The result is this: Geo Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried, and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains, and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I haue endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found"—*Ath. Oxon.* II 437. Ed 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him aboundantly *Ed* 1815, *p.* 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne' *Book* 1 *p.* 51.

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*

THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers, towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death. a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earlieſt portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horſeback from Chelmsford to London: wherein

as I rode by London waye,
Cloakleſſe, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a ſodaine daſh of Raine,' and

well ſouſed in this ſhowre.

he changed the ſubject of his thought, and wrote the Pſalm *De Profundis*, preſerved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of inſtruction &c.*, muſt have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gaſcoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he firſt publiſhed them in his *Poſies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having juſt ſeen through the preſs, the corrected edition of his *Poſies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progreſs in the Elegy.

Then comes abſence from home during the ſummer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth deviſing *The Princely pleaſures:* and afterwards at Woodſtock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit.* Then in the following winter, he goes on a viſit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his houſe in *Limehouſe*,' and is in conſequence led into the ſtudy of the North-weſt paſſage and 'the *Tables* of *Ortelius* and ſundrie other *Coſmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*.' So the two poems progreſs together at intervals, and at laſt are ſimultaneouſly finiſhed in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April ſhowers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be ſaid to be Spring ſongs. There reſounds all through them the ſinging of birds. This diſcovers itſelf as much in the general imagery as in ſuch paſſages as this.

In ſweet April, the Meſſenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden ſhowres,
When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And weſterne windes, do foſter forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much *p.* 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gaſcoigne has a ſerious purpoſe. As Whetſtone reports.

(laboring ſtil, by paines, to purchaſe praiſe)
I wrought a Glaſſe, wherein eche man may ſee:
Within his minde; what canckred vices be. *p.* 19.

It was a firſt experiment in Engliſh ſatire; and though it does not ſang like Dryden's *Abſalom and Achitophel*: it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and juſtice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expreſſed:

[illegible] is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
[illegible]ught that ſteele, both truſty was and true,
And *The* [illegible]d not, a foyle of contraries,
But ſhewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In ſteade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chriſtal glas, which glimſeth braue and bright,
And ſhewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles, of ſundry ſubtil ſights,
So that they ſeeme, and couet not to be. *p.* 54

I haue preſumde, my Lord for to preſent
With this poore glaſſe, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teſtament
Of one that was, a Glaſſemaker in deede.
Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the chriſtal glaſſe,
To ſuch as loue, to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe, that loue to ſee themſelues,
How foule or fayre, ſoeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaſſe of truſtie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it ſhewes, all things in their degree.
And ſince myſelfe (now pride of youth is paſt)
Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe,
Since I deſire, to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or ſhould,
Therfore I like this truſtie glaſſe of Steele. *pp.* 55, 56

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A Remembraunce of the wel imployed life &c.

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A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gaſkoigne Eſquire, who
deceassed at Stalmford in Lincolne Shire the 7. of October.
1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetſtons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

The wel imployed life, and godly end of G. Gaſcoigne, Eſq.

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale!
who (ah) in helth, a thouſand plaints haue ſhone?
feeles all men joy? can no man ſkil of bale?
o yes I ſee, a comfort in my mone.
Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
ſome man for thee, may one day doo aſmuch.

Thou ſeeſt my death, and long my life didſt knowe,
my life: nay death, to liue I now begin:
But ſome wil ſay. *Durus eſt hic ſermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for ſuch as feed on ſin.
Yet truſt me frends (though fleſh doth hardly bow)
I am reſolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what cauſe, in order ſhall enſue,
My worldly life (is firſt) muſt play his parte:
Whoſe tale attend, for once the ſame is true,
Yea *Whetſton* thou, haſt knowen my hidden hart
And therfore I coniure thee to defend:
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

Firſt of my life, which ſome (amis) did knowe,
I leue mine armes, my acts ſhall blaſe the ſame
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward ſonne defeat.

He was Sir Iohn G ſonne and Heire Disinherited.

This froward deed, could ſcarce my hart diſmay,
Vertue (quod I) wil ſee I ſhall not lacke:
And wel I wot *Domini eſt terra*,
Beſides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
Thus finding cauſe, to foſter hye deſire:
I clapt on coſt (a help) for to aſpire.

But fooliſh man deſt in my Pecocks plumes,
my wanton wil commaunded ſtrait my wit:
Yea, brainſick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
But, *Nemo ſine crimine viuit.*
For he that findes, himſelf from vices free
I giue him leue, to throwe a ſtone at me.

It helps my praiſe, that I my fault recite,
The loſt ſheep found, the feaſt was made for ioy:
Euil ſets out good, as far as black dooth white
The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
But (that in cheef, which writers ſhould reſpect)
trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vnchect.

And for a trueth begilde with ſelf conceit,
I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
But as a fiſh, ſeld bites with out a baight,
So none vnforſt, men needs will hear or ſee.
and begging ſutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
the mounting minde, had rather ſterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
The ſweet of war, ſung by the carpet knight,
In poſte haſte then ſhipt me in Ventures Barge.
Theſe luſty lims, *Saunce vſe* (quod, I) will ruſt:
That pitie were, for I to them muſt truſt.

Wel plaſte at length, among the drunken Dutch,
(though rumours lewd, impayred my deſert) He serued in Hol-
I boldely vaunt, the blaſt of Fame is ſuch, land.
As prooues I had, a froward ſowrs hart.
My ſlender gaine a further witnes is:
For woorthieſt men, the ſpoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner in Hol.
Cacht by ſly hap, in priſon vile was popt:
Yea had not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had the Latin,
For all my hands, my breth had there been ſtopt Italian, French,
But I in fine, did ſo perſwade my foe: and Dutch
as (ſcot free) I, was homewards ſet to goe. languages.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
In peace (quod I) ile truſt unto my wit,
the windowes of my muſe, then ſtraight I ope His
And firſt I ſhowe, the trauail of ſuch time: bookes publ.
as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some ſtraight way ſaid (their tungs with enuy fret),
thoſe wanton layes, inductions were to vice:
Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wiſe.
And ſure theſe toyes, do ſhowe for your behoof:
The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies: Glasse of
The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment, gouer-
And (laboring ſtil, by paines, to purchace praiſe) ment.
I wrought a Glaſſe, wherin eche man may ſee: Steele
Within his minde, what canckred vices be. Glasse

The druncken ſoule, tranſformed to a beaſt, Diet for drunkers
my diet helps, a man, again to make:
But (that which ſhould, be praiſd abooue the reſt)
My Doomes day Drum, from ſin dooth you awake
For honeſt ſport, which dooth refreſh the wit: Drum of doomsday
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. Hunting

Theſe few books, are dayly in your eyes, He hath books to publish
Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliue to keep:
Yet other woorks, (I think) of more empriſe,
Coucht cloſe as yet, within my cofers ſleep.
yea til I dy, none ſhall the ſame reuele:
So men wil ſay, that *Gaſkoign* wrote of *Zeale.*

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched ſot, Enuy.
Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde:
I curſe thee wretch, the onely cauſe godwot,
That my good wil, no more account did finde.
And not content, thy ſelf to doo me ſcar:
Thou nipſt my hart, with *Spight*, *Suſpect* and *Cure.*

And firſt of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poyſoned pye,
To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntus*, eyes: Spight.
With painted ſhewes, he heaues him ſelf on hie,
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob:
with woorthy books, ſo deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he ſaies
And leſt the wiſe ſhould finde his wit but yung,
He woorks all means, their woorks for to diſpraiſe.
To ſmooth his ſpeech, ye beaſt this patch doth crop
He ſhowes the bad, the writers mouthes to ſtop.

Ye woorſe then this, he dealeth in offence,
(Ten good turnes, he with ſilence ſtriketh dead);
A ſlender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth ſpread.
And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect:
The hearers heads, and harts with falſe ſuſpect.

Now of *Suſpect*: the propertie to ſhowe, Suspect.
He hides his dought, yet ſtil miſtruſteth more:
The man ſuſpect, is ſo debard to knowe,
The cauſe and cure of this his ranckling ſore.
And ſo in vain, hee good account dooth ſeek,
Who by this *Feende*, is brought into miſlike.

Now hear my tale, or cauſe which kild my hart,
Theſe priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot:
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
ſo that I found, for me it was no boot
to woork as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles miſconſtred were
by whoſe fond tales reward hild his hands back
To quite my woorth, a cauſe to ſettle care:
within my breſt, who wel deſeru'd, did lack.
for who can brook, to ſee a painted crowe:
Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to ſtarue among his books, Care.
and ſee pied Doultes, vppon a booty feed?
What honeſt minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
and ſee the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?
What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile:
when carpet ſwads, deuour ye Soldiers ſpoile?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted ſoe,
Theſe men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to ſpeak:
Muſe then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
though cruſhing care, my giltles hart doth break
But you wil ſay, that in delight doo dwell:
my outward ſhowe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true; but hark vnto the reſt,
The Swan in ſongs, dooth knolle ner paſſing bel:
The Nightingale, with thornes againſt her breſt
when ſhe might mourn, her ſweeteſt layes doth yel
The valiant man, ſo playes a pleaſant parte:
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For proofe, my ſelf, with care not ſo a feard,
But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
When ſtoutly they doo ſtand among yat heard.
So that I ſaw, but few hark to my mone.
made choiſe to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
in ſight of men, who nothing ſeemd to faint.

No Phiſition could find out his greefe.

But as oft vſe, dooth weare an iron cote,
as miſling drops, hard flints in time doth pearſe
By peece meales, care ſo wrought me vnder foot
but more then ſtraunge is that I now rehearſe,
Three months I liued, and did digeſt no food:
when none by arte my ſicknes vnderſtood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs muſt pine,
yet as the horſe, the vſe of warre which knowes:
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye, poſte with his Rider goes.
Euen ſo my hart, whilſt lungs may lend me breth:
Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailes, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
King *Creſſus* welth, the ſway of all the world:
The Prince, the Peere, ſo to the wretched ſlaue,
when death aſſaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
Yea oft he ſtrikes ere one can ſtir his eye:
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You ſee the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threſhed ear of corne:
I holde a forme, within a wrimpled ſkin,
but from my bones, the fat and fleſh is worne
See, ſee the man, late pleſures Minion:
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants ſee, a picture worth the ſight,
(as you are now, my ſelf was heertofore)
My body late, ſtuft ful of manly might,
As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
Stif clung with colde, wants forſe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of fleſh,
Vnable are, to ſtay my bones vpright:
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wiſh,
In broken woords, can ſcarce my minde recite.
My head late ſtuft, with wit and learned ſkil:
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What ſay you freends, this ſudain chaunge to ſee?
You rue my greef, you doo like fleſh and blood:
But mone your ſinnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderſtood.
My hart dooth ſwim, in ſeas of more delight:
Then your who ſeems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to ſnare the ſoule,
A mas of ſinne, a deſart of deceit:
A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for fleſh a toothſome baight.
Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
Vnſure, vniuſt, in rendring man his ſhare.

A place where pride, oreruns the honeſt minde,
Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the ſhiftles wretch:
where bribing miſts, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
Where *Paraſites*, the fatteſt crummes doo catch.
Where good deſerts (which chalenge like reward)
Are ouer blowen, with blaſts of light regard.

And what is man? Duſt, Slime, a puf of winde,
Conceiu'd in ſin, plaſte in the woorld with greef,
Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
And then (til death, vouchſafe him ſome releef)
Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to ſpend.

O fooliſh man, that art in office plaſte,
Think whence thou cam'ſt, and whether ye ſhalt goe:
The huge hie Okes, ſmall windes have ouer caſt,
when ſlender reeds, in rougheſt wethers growe.
Euen ſo pale death, oft ſpares the wretched wight:
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You luſty youths, that nuriſh hie deſire,
Abaſe your plumes, which makes you look ſo big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
Euen ſo the Clark, the Parſones graue dooth dig.
Whoſe hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
Dooth heap (God wot) but ſorowe vnto ſinne.

And to be ſhort, all ſortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare:
The lightning flaſh, conſumes the houſe of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is:
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I ſay, if life would lend me ſpace,
but all in vain: death waites of no mans will:
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horſe, will praunce againſt the hil.
So helthfull men, at long diſcourſes ſporte:
When few woords, the ſick, would fain reporte.

The beſt is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is ſmall, the more my conſcience eaſe:
This ſhort accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and ſonne, will hardly pleaſe.
But in this caſe, ſo pleaſe them as I may:
Theſe folowing woords, my teſtament do wray.

The effect of his will.

My ſoule I firſt, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my ſinnes are greuous in his ſight:
I firmly truſt, to ſcape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne ſhall recite.
Whoſe precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is ſole the cauſe, that ſaues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue:
I wiſh no pomp, the ſame for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And fleſh and blood in this ſelf ſorte is tryed:
Thus buriall coſt, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gratious ſoueraign Queene
(by ſeruice bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to ſay, a ſight but rarely ſeene,
as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
Her highnes ſo, hath reacht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whoſe face I fain would ſee,
my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue:
But ſence my goods (God knoweth) but ſlender bee
moſt gratious Queene, for Chriſt his ſake I craue
(not for any ſeruice that I haue doon)
you will vouchſafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my bleſſing take in parte,
and therwithall I giue thee this in charge:
Firſt ſerue thou God, then vſe bothe wit and arte,
thy Fathers det, of ſeruice to diſcharge.
which (forſte by death) her Maieſtie he owes:
beyond deſarts, who ſtill rewardes beſtowes.

I freely now all ſortes of Men forgiue
Their wrongs to me, and wiſh them to amend.
And as good men, in charitie ſhould liue,
I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequeſt:
And this is all, I of the world requeſt.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
Farwell O world, the baight of all abuſe:
Death where is thy ſting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
I little forſe, the forſes you can vſe;
Yea to your teeth, I doo you both deſye:
Vt eſſem Chriſto, cupio diſſolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the ſhowe,
Bereſt of ſpeech, his hands to God he heau'd:
And ſweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went *a Dio*,
Yea with ſuch eaſe, as no man there perceiu'd,
By ſtrugling ſigne, or ſtriuing for his breth:
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death

Exhortatio.

His *Scan* is playd, you folowe on the act,
Life is but death, til fleſh, and blood be ſlain: Good men
God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
As good men doo, holde earthly pleaſures vain.
The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo:*
And vſe good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo.*

Contemne the chaunge, (vſe nay abuſe) not God,
Through holy ſhowes, this wordly muck to ſcratch:
To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
Hypocriſie, a man may ouer catch.
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth ſee:
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou ieſting foole, which mak'ſt at ſin a face,
Beware that God, in earneſt plague thee not: Careles liuers.
For where as he, is coldeſt in his grace,
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not to far, the lotheſt man to fight:
When he is forſte, the luſtieſt blowes dooth ſmight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
you by your loſſe, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not ſtaine,
The blinde for ſlouth, may hardly check the lame.
I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.
you ſhalbe judg'd, and therfore iudge aright:
you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
Then ignorance, your ſinnes wil not acquite.
Read, read God's law, with which yours ſhould agre:
That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whoſe woords are perfect good,
Make ſhowe in woorks, yat you your woords inſue:
A Diamond, holdes his vertue ſet in wood, Prelats.
but yet in Golde, it hath a freſher hue,
Euen ſo Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office ſo thou haue,
to whoſe behoofe, this breef diſcourſe is tolde: Readers in generall.
Prepare thy ſelf, eche houre for the graue,
the market eats aſwel yong ſheep as olde.
Euen ſo, the Childe, who feares the ſmarting rod:
The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life ſhall leaue,
thus ſure thou art, but know'ſt not when to dye:
Then good thou liue, leaſt death doo the deceiue,
as through good life, thou maiſt his force defye.
For truſt me man, no better match can make:
Then leaue vnſure, for certain things to take.

Viuit poſt funera Virtus.

An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death, of M. G. Gaſkoygne.

For Gaſkoygnes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliue the man is ſtil:
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to ſcorne,
In that, that he, his fleſhly lyfe did kil.

For by ſuch death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, ſuch fame in earth haue ſovvne,
As ſack nor vvrack, his name can there deſtroy.

But you vvill ſay, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many ſtand in ſtead:
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earneſt meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvas paſſing great:
And vve deuourd the ſvveet of all his ſvveat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.

¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verſe or

ryme in Engliſh, vvritten at the requeſt

of Maſter *Edouardo Donati.*

SIgnor Edouardo, ſince promiſe is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendſhip) do burden me with a promiſe that I ſhoulde lende you inſtructions towards the making of Engliſh verſe or ryme, I will aſſaye to diſcharge the ſame, though not ſo perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you conſider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, eſpecially in Poetrie, wherein (neuertheleſſe) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your requeſt aduenture to ſet downe my ſimple skill in ſuch ſimple manner as I haue vſed, referring the ſame hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate.* And you ſhall haue it in theſe few poynts followyng.

THe firſt and moſt neceſſarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be conſidered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon ſome fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleaſant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my maſter *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnleſſe the Inuention haue in it alſo *aliquid ſalis.* By this *aliquid ſalis*, I meane ſome good and fine deuiſe, ſhewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I ſay ſome *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are ſo ſuperfine, that they are *Vix good.* And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame ſoeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer ſtudie for ſome depth of deuiſe in ye Inuention, and ſome figures alſo in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the ſkilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoſte vnpoſſible, ſithence the occaſions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuertheleſſe take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in theſe few poynts. If I ſhould vndertake to wryte in prayſe of a gentlewoman, I would neither praiſe hir chriſtal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For theſe things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde ſome ſupernaturall cauſe wherby my penne might walke in the ſuperlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunſwere for any imperfection that ſhee hath, and therevpon rayſe the prayſe of hir commendation. Likewiſe if I ſhould diſcloſe my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a ſtrange diſcourſe of ſome intollerable paſſion, or finde occaſion to pleade by the example of ſome hiſtorie, or diſcouer my diſquiet in ſhadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vſe the couerteſt meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely cuſtomes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is moſt to be marked, and hardeſt to be preſcribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuertheleſſe to conclude therein, I would haue you ſtand moſt vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and ſticke not to ſtudie deepely for ſome fine deuiſe. For that beyng founde, pleaſant woordes will follow well inough and faſt inough.

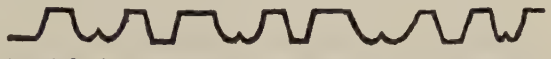
2. Your Inuention being once deuiſed, take heede that neither pleaſure of rime, nor varietie of deuiſe, do carie you from it: for as to vſe obſcure and darke phraſes in a pleaſant Sonet, is nothing delectable, ſo to entermingle merie ieſts in a ſerious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduiſe you that you hold the iuſt meaſure wherwith you begin your verſe, I will not denie but this may ſeeme a prepoſterous ordre: but

bycauſe I couet rather to ſatiſſie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not ſomuch ſtand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I ſay then, remember to holde the ſame meaſure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verſe of ſixe ſyllables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might ſeeme ridiculous vnto you, ſince euery yong ſcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the ſame meaſure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I ſee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the meaſure of xij. in the firſt line, and xiiij. in the ſecond (which is the common kinde of verſe) they wil yet (by that time they haue paſſed ouer a few verſes) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et ſic de ſimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verſes remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphaſis* or ſound, that is to ſay in ſuch wiſe, and with ſuch length or ſhortneſſe, eleuation or depreſſion of ſillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vſed: to expreſſe the ſame we have three maner of accents, *grauis*, *lenis*, *et circumflexa*, the whiche I would engliſh thus, the long accent, the ſhort accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, / the light accent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or indifferent is thus ſignified ⁀ : the graue accent is drawen out or eleuate, and maketh that ſillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depreſſed or ſnatched vp, and maketh that ſillable ſhort vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, ſometimes ſhort, ſometimes long, ſometimes depreſſed and ſometimes eleuate. For example of th' emphaſis or natural ſound of words, this word *Treaſure*, hath the graue accent vpon the firſt ſillable, whereas if it ſhoulde be written in this ſorte, *Treaſúre*, nowe were the ſecond ſillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vſe wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in engliſh rimes (for I dare not cal them Engliſh

verſes) we vſe none other order but a ſoote of two ſillables, wherof the firſt is depreſſed or made ſhort, and the ſecond is eleuate or made long: and that ſound or ſcanning continueth throughout the verſe. We have vſed in times paſt other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:



No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,
Vnleſſe he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Alſo our father *Chaucer* hath vſed the ſame libertie in féete and meaſures that the Latiniſts do vſe: and who ſo euer do peruſe and well conſider his workes, he ſhall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one ſelfe ſame number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderſtanding, the longeſt verſe and that which hath moſt Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correſpondent vnto that whiche hath feweſt ſillables in it: and like wiſe that whiche hath in it feweſt ſyllables, ſhalbe founde yet to conſiſt of woordes that haue ſuche naturall ſounde, as may ſeeme equall in length to a verſe which hath many moe ſillables of lighter accentes. And ſurely I can lament that wee are fallen into ſuche a playne and ſimple manner of wryting, that there is none other ſoote vſed but one: wherby our Poemes may iuſtly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verſe. But ſince it is ſo, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me ſet downe vnto you ſuche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two ſyllables you wreſte no woorde from his natural and vſuall ſounde, I do not meane hereby that you may vſe none other wordes but of twoo ſillables, for therein you may vſe diſcretion according to occaſion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verſe be ſo placed as the firſt ſillable may ſound ſhort or be depreſſed, the ſecond long or eleuate, the third ſhorte, the fourth long, the fifth ſhorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke theſe two verſes:

I vnderſtand your meanying by your eye.

Your meaning I vnderſtand by your eye.

In theſe two verſes there ſeemeth no difference at all, ſince the one hath the very ſelfe ſame woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verſe is neyther true nor pleaſant, and the firſt verſe may paſſe the muſters. The fault of the latter verſe is that this worde *vnderſtand* is therein ſo placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderſtand to be eleuated: which is contrarie to the naturall or vſual pronunciation: for we ſay

vnderſtand, and not *vnderſtand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amiſſe to forewarne you that you thruſt as few woordes of many ſillables into your verſe as may be: and herevnto I might alledge many reaſons: firſt the moſt auncient Engliſh wordes are of one ſillable, ſo that the more monaſyllables that you vſe, the truer Engliſhman you ſhall ſeeme, and the leſſe you ſhall ſmell of the Inkehorne. Alſo wordes of many ſyllables do cloye a a verſe and make it vnpleaſant, whereas woordes of one ſyllable will more eaſily fall to be ſhorte or long as occaſion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent ſounde.

6 I would exhorte you alſo to beware of rime without reaſon: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firſte Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen ſometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at leaſt to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the firſt (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe ſmall reaſon ſoeuer it carie with it) or els they alter

their firſt worde and ſo percaſe decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your firſt determined Inuention, and do rather ſearche the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reaſon for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is alſo a plaine yong ſchollers leſſon) worke thus, when you haue ſet downe your firſt verſe, take the laſt worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the ſelfe ſame ſounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laſte woorde of your firſte line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare*, *clare*, *dare*, *fare*, *gare*, *hare*, *and ſhare*, *mare*, *ſnare*, *rare*, *ſtare*, and *ware*, *&c.* Of all theſe take that which beſt may ſerue your purpoſe, carying reaſon with rime: and if none of them will ſerue ſo, then alter the laſte worde of your former verſe, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vſe the ſame Figures or Tropes in verſe which are vſed in proſe, and in my iudgement they ſerue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verſe than they haue in proſe: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vſe of any other figure than that whiche is expreſſed in repeticion of ſundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modeſtly vſed) lendeth good grace to a verſe: but they do ſo hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis poſitum mors eſt:* therfore *Ne quid nimis.*

9 Alſo aſmuche as may be, eſchew ſtraunge words, or *obſoleta et inuſitata*, vnleſſe the Theame do giue iuſt occaſion: marie in ſome places a ſtraunge worde doth drawe attentiue reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vſe diſcretion.

10 And aſmuch as you may, frame your ſtile to *perſpicuity* and to be ſenſible: for the haughty obſcure verſe doth not much delight, and the verſe that is to eaſie is like a tale of a roſted horſe: but let your Poeme be ſuch as may both delight and draw attentiue readyng, and therewithal may deliuer ſuch matter as be worth the marking.

11. You ſhall do very well to vſe your verſe after th[e] engliſhe phraſe, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latiniſts do commonly ſet the adiectiue after the Subſtantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we ſhould ſay in Engliſh a woman fayre, a houſe high, etc. it would haue but ſmall grace: for we ſay a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in ſome places, it may be borne, but not ſo hardly as ſome vſe it which wryte thus:

Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go viſit mother myne &c.

Surely I ſmile at the ſimplicitie of ſuch deuiſers which might aſwell haue ſayde it in playne Engliſhe phraſe, and yet haue better pleaſed all eares, than they ſatiſfie their owne fancies by ſuche *ſuperfineſſe*. Therefore euen as I haue aduiſed you to place all wordes in their naturall or moſt common and vſuall pronunciation, ſo would I wiſhe you to frame all ſentences in their mother phraſe and proper *Idiôma*, and yet ſometimes (as I haue ſayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwiſe lawfull or commend able.

12. This poeticall licence is a ſhrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verſe, it maketh wordes longer, ſhorter, of mo ſillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falſer, and to conclude it turkene h all things at pleaſure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *ad wne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleſſe to rehearſe, ſince your owne iudgement and readyng will ſoone make you eſpie ſuch aduauntages.

13 There are alſo certayne pauſes or reſtes in a verſe whiche may be called *Ceaſures*, whereof I woulde be lothe to ſtande long, ſince it is at diſcretion of the wryter, and they haue bene firſt deuiſed (as ſhould

ſeeme) by the Muſicians: but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verſe of eight ſillables, the pauſe will ſtand beſt in the middeſt, in a verſe of tenne it will beſt be placed at the ende of the firſt foure ſillables: in a verſe of twelue, in the midſt, in verſes of twelue in the firſte and fouretene in the ſeconde, wee place the pauſe commonly in the midſt of the firſt, and at the ende of the firſt eight ſillables in the ſecond. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters diſcretion, and forceth not where the pauſe be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycauſe I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you alſo mine opinion aſwell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verſe of tenne ſillables, and ſeuen ſuch verſes make a ſtaffe, whereof the firſt and thirde lines do aunſwer (acroſſe) in like terminations and rime, the ſecond, fourth, and fifth, do likewiſe anſwere eche other in terminations, and the two laſt do combine and ſhut vp the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, and ſurely it is a royall kinde of verſe, ſeruing beſt for graue diſcourſes. There is alſo another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are ſundrie ſortes: for a man may write ballade in a ſtaffe of ſixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or ſixe ſillables, whereof the firſte and third, ſecond and fourth do rime acroſſe, and the fifth and ſixth do rime togither in concluſion. You may write alſo your ballad of tenne ſillables rimyng as before is declared, but theſe two were wont to be moſt commonly vſed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche ſignifieth to daunce. And in deed thoſe kinds of rimes ſerue beſte for daunces or light matters. Then haue you alſo a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one ſelf ſame foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may conſiſt of ſuch meaſure as beſt liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, ſome thinke that all Poemes (being ſhort) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beſte allowe to call thoſe Sonnets whiche are of foure tene lynes, euery line conteyning tenne ſyllables. The firſte twelue do ryme in ſtaues of foure lines by croſſe meetre, and the laſt two ryming togither do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of ſixe lines, commonly vſed by the French, which ſome Engles. writers do alſo terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Viſh layes, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would ſay greene Songes: but I muſte tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verſe which I ſaw by auctʰoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long diſcourſe in verſes of tenne ſillables, whereof the foure firſt did ryme acroſſe, and the fifth did aunſwere to the firſte and thirde, breaking off there, and ſo going on to another termination. Of this I could ſhewe example of imitation in mine own verſes written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *VVilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are alſo certaine Poemes deuiſed of tenne ſyllables, whereof the firſt aunſwereth in termination with the fourth, and the ſecond and thirde anſwere eche other: theſe are more vſed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commoneſt ſort of verſe which we vſe now adayes (*viz.* the long verſe of twelue and fourtene ſillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnleſſe I ſhould ſay that it doth conſiſt of Poulters meaſure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this ſuffiſe (if it be not to much) for the ſundrie ſortes of verſes which we vſe now adayes.

15 In all theſe ſortes of verſes when ſoeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediouſneſſe, and euer as neare as you can, do finiſh the ſentence and meaning at the end of euery ſtaffe where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright ſtaues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters meaſure: for I ſee many writers which draw their ſentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduiſe) eſchue prolixitie and knit vp your ſentences as compendiouſly as you may, ſince breuitie (ſo that it be no drowned in obſcuritie) is moſt commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is ſuche as our Mayſter and Father *Chaucer* vſed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterpriſes: but though it come to my remembrance ſomewhat out of order, it ſhall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may ſee (by the way) that I holde a prepoſterous order in my traditions, but as I ſayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to ſhewe my ſkill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime ſerueth moſt aptly to wryte a merie tale, ſo Rythme royall is fitteſt for a graue diſcourſe. Ballades are beſte of matters of loue, and rondlettes moſte apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets ſerue aſwell in matters of loue as of diſcourſe: Dizaymes and Sixames for ſhorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual propoſition, although by the name you might otherwiſe iudge of Verlayes, and the long verſe of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vſed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would ſerue beſt for Pſalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde ſtande longer in theſe traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I ſayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my ſelfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.

A Satyre compiled by George Gaſcoigne Esquire.

Togither with

The Complainte of *Phylomene.*

An Elegie deuiſed by

the same Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton Knight of the moſt honorable order of the Garter, George Gaſcoigne Eſquire wiſheth long life *with encreaſe of honour, according to* his great worthineſſe.

Ight honorable, noble, and my ſingular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correſpondent too the iuſt deſires of my hart, I ſhould yet thinke al the ſame vnable to deſerue the leaſt parte of your goodneſſe: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curteſy to vſe me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with aſſured aſſiſtance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it ſturreth in me an exceeding zeale to deſerue it: and that zeale begetteth baſhefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet thoſe dolours reviued the very ſame affection, whiche firſte moued in mee the deſire to honour and eſteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthyneſſe, and therewithal do ſet before mine eyes the loſt time of my youth miſpent, I ſeeme to ſee afarre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimitie*, accompanied with induſtrious diligence. The firſt doth encourage my faynting harte, and the ſeconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderſtanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of theſe two pretious Spiceries, the corroſyue of care woulde quickely confounde me.

I haue miſgouerned my youth, I confeſſe it: what ſhall I do then? ſhall I yelde to myſery as a iuſt plague apointed for my portion? Magnanimitie ſaith no, and Induſtrye ſeemeth to be of the very ſame opinion.

I am derided, ſuſpected, accuſed, and condemned: yea more than that, I am rygorouſly reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore diſpayre? ſhall I yeelde vnto iellouſie? or drowne my dayes in idleneſſe, bycauſe their beginning was bathed in wantonneſſe? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not ſuffer me, and the delightfulneſſe of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the ſting of Emulation ſpared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with moſt vntrue ſurmyſes? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge hoſt of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulſed from his owne, and conſtrained to ſeeke fauour in the ſight of his late profeſſed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was ſuch, as neither could aduerſytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their breſtes any leaſt ſparke of deſire, to ſeeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confeſſe, I haue lien ſtreaking me (like a lubber) when the ſunne did ſhine, and now I ſtriue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I ſtand prinking me in the glaſſe, when the crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle ſpent his youth very ryotouſly, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no leſſe addicted to delight in amorous verſe, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phyloſophy. VVhat ſhoulde I ſpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateſt Oratours of his time? Theſe examples are ſufficient to proue that by induſtrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerſities are eaſye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here preſume thus rudely to rehearſe them. For as I can be content to confeſſe the lightneſſe wherewith I haue bene (in times paſt) worthie to be burdened, ſo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwiſe bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced ſtil to carie on my ſhoulders the croſſe of my careleſneſſe, but therewithall I am alſo put to the plonge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe ſuſpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my ſelfe ſo feeble, and ſo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearſed) I ſhould either caſt downe mine armoure and hide myſelfe like a recreant, or elſe (of a malicious ſtubborneſſe) ſhould buſie my braines with ſome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerſaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie ſuffer me to become vnhoneſt, nor yet can Induſtrie ſee me ſinke in idleneſſe.

For I haue learned in ſacred ſcriptures to heape coles vppon the heade of mine enemie, by honeſt dealing: and our ſauiour himſelfe hath encoraged me, ſaying that I ſhal lacke neither workes nor ſeruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Theſe things I ſay (my ſingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the ſame affection which firſt moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchſafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be ſo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue preſumed to preſent your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I truſt not without reaſon. And what ſoeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beſeeching the ſame too accept it with as gratious regarde, as you haue in times paſt bene accuſtomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of roſte for their paynes. And when the vertuous ſhall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then ſhall detraction be no leſſe aſhamed to haue falſely accuſed me, than light credence ſhal haue cauſe to repent his raſhe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge ſhal not be abaſhed to cancel the ſentence vniuſtly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongſt my bookes here at my poore houſe in VValkamſtowe, where I praye daylie for ſpeedy aduauncement, and continuall proſperitie of your good Lordſhip. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(·.·)

By your honours moſt bownden and well affured
George Gaſcoigne.

N. R. in commendation *of the Author, and his* workes.

IN rowſing verſes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
Graue *Senec* did, ſurmounte for Tragike vaine,
Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambuckes* paſte,
For commicke verſe, ſtill *Plautus* peereleſſe was.

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
Sance peere were *Naſo*, and *Tibullus* deemde:
In Satyres ſharpe (as men of mickle praiſe)
Lucilius, and *Horace* were eſteemde.
Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
But *Gaſcoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
I liſt not vaunte, his workes for me ſhal ſay;
In praiſing him *Timantes* trade I take,
VVho (when he ſhould, the woful cheare diſplaie,
Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
His daughters death with teares of ſmal auaile:

Not ſkild to counterſhape his morneful grace,
That men might deeme, what art coulde not ſupplie)
Deuiſde with painted vaile, to ſhrowde his face.
Like ſorte my pen ſhal Gaſcoignes praiſe diſcrie,
VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearſe,
Doth ſhrowde and cloude them thus in ſilent verſe.

[1]Walter Rawely of the middle
Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glaſſe.

SVVete were the ſauce, would pleaſe ech kind of taſt,
The life likewiſe, were pure that neuer ſwerued,
For ſpyteful tongs, in cankred ſtomackes plaſte,
Deeme worſt of things, which beſt (percaſe) deſerued:
But what for that? this medcine may ſuffyſe,
To ſcorne the reſt, and ſeke to pleaſe the wiſe.

Though ſundry mindes, in ſundry ſorte do deeme,
Yet worthieſt wights, yelde prayſe for euery payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) eſteme,
Such ſtately ſteppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who ſo reapes, renowne aboue the reſt,
VVith heapes of hate, ſhal ſurely be oppreſt.

VVherefore to write, my cenſure of this booke,
This Glaſſe of Steele, vnpartially doth ſhewe,
Abuſes all, to ſuch as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high eſtate to lowe,
As for the verſe, who liſts like trade to trye,
I feare me much, ſhal hardly reache ſo high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen-
dation of this worke.

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres ſadde and ſage,
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleaſde, the vaine of youthful age,
VVith pleaſant penne, employde in louing ryme:
So now he ſeekes, the graueſt to delight,
VVith workes of worth, much better than they ſhowe.

[1] Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glaſſe of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
Diſcries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iuſt complaynte,
In ſugred ſounde, doth ſhrowde a ſolempne ſence,
Gainſt thoſe whome luſt, or murder doth attaynte.
Lo this we ſee, is *Gaſcoignes* good pretence,
To pleaſe al ſorts, with his praiſeworthy skill.
Then yelde him thanks in ſigne of like good wil

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine: and flattrie were a faulte.
But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
The which I ſeeke, by ſcience to aſſault,
And ſo to leaue, remembrance of my name.
The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme:

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
Then ſince I ſee, that rimes can ſeldome reache,
Vnto the toppe, of ſuch a ſtately Towre,
By reaſons force, I meane to make ſome breache,
VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
That ſo at laſt, my Muſe might enter in,
And reaſon rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
In rymeleſſe verſe, which thundreth mighty threate
And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
Euen there (amaine) with ſharpe rebukes it beates.
The worke (thinke I) deſerues an honeſt name,
If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.

THe Nightingale, (whoſe happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whoſe chereful voice, doth comfort ſaddeſt wights,
When ſhe hir ſelf, hath little cauſe to ſing.
Whom louers loue, bicauſe ſhe plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes eſteemed much,
And graueſt yeares, haue not diſdainde hir notes:
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleaſant tong,
To couer ſo, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To ſing a ſong, in ſpight of their deſpight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cauſe or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By ſlaundrous ſteppes, and ſtayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my ſelfe ſhould ſitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt:
And if dead beaſtes, or liuing byrdes haue ghoſts,
Which can conceiue the cauſe of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
In barrayne verſe, to tell a frutefull tale,
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and graue Philoſophers.

And you my Lord, (whoſe happe hath heretofore
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
The faults of youth, which paſt my haſty pen:
And therwithall, haue graciouſly vouchſafte,
To yeld the reſt, much more than they deſervde)
Vouchſafe (lo now) to reade and to peruſe,
This rimles verſe, which flowes from troubled mind.
Synce that the line, of that falſe caytife king,
(Which rauiſhed fayre *Phylomene* for luſt,
And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
They liue, they liue, (alas the worſe my lucke)
Whoſe greedy luſt, vnbridled from their breſt,
Hath raunged long about the world ſo wyde,
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whoſe harmeleſſe hart, perceivde not their deceipt.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderſtand,
The myſteries, of all that I do meane,
I am not he whom ſlaunderous tongues haue tolde,
(Falſe tongues in dede, and craftie ſubtile braines)
To be the man, which ment a common ſpoyle
Of louing dames, whoſe eares wold heare my words
Or truſt the tales deuiſed by my pen.
In' am a man, as ſome do thinke I am,
(Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
Or at the leaſt, a right *Hermaphrodite:*
And who deſires, at large to knowe my name,
My birth, my line, and euery circumſtance,
Lo reade it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
And he begat me by *Simplycitie*,

Not ignorant symplicity but a thought free from deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one ſelfe burden borne,
My ſiſtr' and I, into this world were ſent,
My Syſters name, was pleaſant *Poeſys*,
And I my ſelfe had *Satyra* to name,
Whoſe happe was ſuch, that in the prime of youth,
A luſty ladde, a ſtately man to ſee,
Brought vp in place, where pleaſures did abound,
(I dare not ſay, in court for both myne eares)
Beganne to woo my ſiſter, not for wealth,
But for hir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall, hir ſpeeche was pleaſant ſtil.
This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: *Falſe ſemblant* was the firſt,
The ſecond man was, *Flearing flattery*,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
Sym Swaſh did beare a buckler for the firſt,
Falſe witneſſe was the ſeconde ſtemly page,
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
And woed my ſiſter, for ſhe elder was,
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
Hir pleaſant ſpeech ſurpaſſed mine ſomuch,
That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his ſute.
Short tale to make, ſhe gaue a free conſent,
And forth ſhe goeth, to be his wedded make,
Entyst percaſe, with gloſſe of gorgeous ſhewe,
(Or elſe perhappes, perſuaded by his peeres,)
That conſtant loue had herbord in his breſt,
Such errors growe where ſuche falſe Prophets preach.

Satyrical-Poetry may right ly be called the daughter of ſuch ſymplici-tie

VVhere may be commonly found a meeter vvoer for plesant poetry, than vaine Delight? Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine delight.

Poetrie married to vaine Delight.

How ſo it were, my Siſter likte him wel,
And forth ſhe goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
Where when ſhe had ſome yeeres yſoiorned,
And ſaw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
A *deepe Deſire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To ſee me ſit by hir in ſeemely wiſe,
That companye might comfort hir ſometimes,
And ſound advice might eaſe hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with ſpeede, (euen at hir firſt requeſt)
Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty courſe direct,
To ſeeke me out his ſayles are fully bent,
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
Whereas ſhe lay, that mourned dayes and nights
To ſee hir ſelfe, ſo matchte and ſo deceivde,
And when the wretch, (I cannot teime him bet)
Had me on ſeas ful farre from friendly help,
A ſparke of luſt, did kindle in his breſt,
And bad him harke, to ſongs of *Satyra*.
I ſelly ſoule (which thought no body harme)
Gan cleere my throte, and ſtraue to ſing my beſt,
Which pleaſde him ſo, and ſo enflamde his hart,
That he forgot my ſiſter *Poeſys*,
And rauiſht me, to pleaſe his wanton minde.
Not ſo content, when this foule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare, leaſt that I ſhould diſcloſe
His inceſt: and his doting darke deſire)
He cauſde ſtraight wayes, the formoſt of his crew
VVith his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
My ſimple mynde, from tracke of truſtie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accuſing me, and ſayde,
That I entiſt *Delyght*, to loue and luste.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faſt, in cage of *Myſerie*,
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
Cut out my tong, with *Rayſor* of *Reſtraynte*,
Leaſt I ſhould wraye, this bloudy deede of his.

Satyrical Poetry is somtimes rauished by vayne Delight.

False semblant and flatterie can seldome beguile satirical Poetrie.

The reward of busy medling is Miserie.

note novv and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
Not as I ſeemd, a man ſometimes of might,
But womanlike, whoſe teares muſt venge hir harms.
And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet ſhould ſhe ſing a pleaſant note ſometimes:
So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
That with the ſtumps of my reproued tong,
I may ſometimes, *Reprouers* deedes reproue,
And ſing a verſe, to make them ſee themſelues.

Then thus I ſing, this ſelly ſong by night,
Like *Phylomene*, ſince that the ſhining Sunne
Is how eclypſt, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I ſing, in corner cloſely cowcht
Like *Philomene*, ſince that the ſtately cowrts,
Are now no place, for ſuch poore byrds as I.

And thus I ſing, with pricke against my brest,
Like *Philomene*, ſince that the priuy worme,
Which makes me ſee my reckles youth miſpent,
May well ſuffiſe, to keepe me waking ſtill.

And thus I ſing, when pleaſant ſpring begins,
Like *Philomene*, ſince euery ianglyng byrd,
Which ſqueaketh loude, ſhall neuer triumph ſo,
As though my muze were mute and durſt not ſing.

And thus I ſing, with harmeleſſe true intent,
Like *Philomene*, when as percaſe (meane while)
The Cuckowe ſuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the ſweet, which might haue fed me firſt.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wiſe to ſing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
A truſtie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
A playne ſong note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the substance of the theame begynneth
Wherein I ſee, howe euery kind of man
Can flatter ſtill, and yet deceiues himſelfe.
I ſeeme to muſe, from whence ſuch errour ſprings,
Such groſſe conceits, ſuch miſtes of darke miſtake,
Such *Surcuydry*, ſuch weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, ſuch dealings too too badde.
And as I ſtretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cauſe thereof, and whence it ſhould proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be ſhrewdly bruſde,
With cannon ſhot, of much miſgouernment)
Can ſpye no cauſe, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth ſtil awry.

I ſee and ſigh, (bycauſe it makes me ſadde)
That peuiſhe pryde, doth al the world poſſeſſe,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glaſſe
To ſee himſelfe, yet ſo he ſeeth him not:
Yea ſhal I ſay? a glaſſe of common glaſſe,
Which gliſtreth bright, and ſhewes a ſeemely ſhew,
Is not enough, the days are paſt and gon,
That Berral glaſſe, with foyles of louely brown,
Might ſerue to ſhew, a ſeemely fauord face.
That age is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
Which thought that ſteele, both truſty was and true,
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But ſhewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In ſteade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chriſtal glas, which glimſeth braue and bright,
And ſhewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles, of ſundry ſubtil ſights,
So that they ſeeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cauſe (beleue me now my Lorde)
That Realmes do rewe, from high proſperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke, their aunceſtors good wil,
That knights conſume, their patrimonie ſtill,
That gentlemen, do make the merchant riſe,
That plowmen begge, and crafteſmen cannot thriue,
That clergie quayles, and hath ſmal reuerence,
That laymen liue, by mouing miſchiefe ſtil,
That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
That officers, can ſcarce enrich their heyres,
That Souldiours ſterue, or prech at Tiborne croſſe,
That lawyers buye, and purchaſe deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fal againe as faſt,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That ſicophants, are counted iolly gueſts,
That *Lais* leades a Ladies life aloſte,
And *Lucrece* lurkes, with ſobre baſhful grace.

This is the cauſe (or elſe my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
And caſtels buylt, aboue in lofty ſkies,
Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
And that the ſame may ſeme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue preſumde, my Lord for to preſent
With this poore glaſſe, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teſtament
Of one that was, a Glaſſemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was namde, A famous old satyrical Poete.
Who at his death, bequeathd the chriſtal glaſſe,
To ſuch as loue, to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe, that loue to ſee themſelues,
How foule or fayre, ſoeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaſſe of truſtie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it ſhewes, all things in their degree.
And ſince myſelfe (now pride of youth is paſt)

Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe,
Since I deſire, to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or ſhould,
Therfore I like this trustie glaſſe of Steele.

Wherein I ſee, a frolike fauor frounst — The auc-thor him-ſelfe.
With foule abuſe, of lawleſſe luſt in youth:
Wherein I ſee, a *Sampſons* grim regaide — Alexander magnus had but a smal beard
Diſgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde:
Wherein I ſee, a corps of comely ſhape
(And ſuch as might beſeeme the courte full wel)
Is caſt at heele, by courting al to ſoone: — He vvhich vvil re-buke mens faults, shal do vvel not to for-get hys ovvne im-perfections.
Wherein I ſee, a quicke capacitye,
Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie:
An age ſuſpect, bycauſe of youthes miſdeedes.
A poets brayne, poſſeſt with layes of loue:
A *Cæſars* minde, and yet a *Codrus* might,
A Souldiours hart, ſuppreſt with feareful doomes:
A Philoſopher, fooliſhly fordone.
And to be playne, I ſee my ſelfe ſo playne,
And yet ſo much vnlike that moſt I ſeemde,
As were it not, that Reaſon ruleth me,
I ſhould in rage, this face of mine deface,
And caſt this corps, downe headlong in diſpaire,
Bycauſe it is, ſo farre vnlike it ſelfe.

And therwithal, to comfort me againe,
I ſee a world, of worthy gouernment, — Common vvelth
A common welth, with policy ſo rulde,
As neither lawes are ſold, nor iustice bought,
Nor riches ſought, vnleſſe it be by right.
No crueltie nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayſe rebellion,
No ſpoyles are tane, although the ſword preuaile,
No ryot ſpends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treaſure vp,
No man growes riche, by ſubtilty nor ſleight:

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the ſcourge of mighty Ioue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deſerue the name,
Of ſuch a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I ſee, within my glaſſe of Steel,
Set forth euen ſo, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
Who taught king *Crœſus*, what it is to ſeme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
Did ſet to ſhew, by viewe of this my glaſſe,
And left the ſame, a mirour to behold,
To euery prince, of his poſterity.

But now (aye me) the glaſing chriſtal glaſſe
Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
VVhere fauor ſways, the ſentence of the law, Common vvoe.
VVhere al is fiſhe, that cometh to the net,
VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
VVhere iniuries, do foſter ſecret grudge,
VVhere bloudy ſword, maks euery booty prize,
VVhere banquetting, is compted comly coſt,
VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
VVhere purchaſe commes, by couyn and deceit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot ſhift,
Nor none ſerue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I ſee, within my glaſſe of Steele,
But foure estates, to ſerue eche country Soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Peſant, and the Prieſt.
The King ſhould care for al the ſubiectes ſtill,
The Knight ſhould fight, for to defende the ſame,
The Peaſant he, ſhould labor for their eaſe,
And Prieſts ſhuld pray, for them and for themſelues.

But out alas, ſuch miſts do bleare our eyes,
And christal gloſſe, doth gliſter ſo therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous great. Kings.

When as they beat, their buſie reſtles braynes,
To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant ſights, 1
To fede their ſil, of daintie delicates, 2
To glad their harts, with ſight of pleaſant ſports, 3
To fil their eares, with ſound of instruments, 4
To breake with bit, the hot coragious horſe, 5
To deck their haules, with ſumpteous cloth of gold, 6
To cloth themſelues, with ſilkes of ſtraunge deuiſe, 7
To ſearch the rocks, for pearles and pretious ſtones, 8
To delue the ground, for mines of gliſtering gold: 9
And neuer care, to maynteine peace and reſt,
To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
To ſtop one eare, vntil the poore man ſpeake,
To ſeme to ſleepe, when Iuſtice ſtill doth wake,
To gard their lands, from ſodaine ſword and fier,
To feare the cries of giltles ſuckling babes,
Whoſe ghoſts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
And ſtirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I ſpeake not this, by any engliſh king,
Nor by our Queene, whoſe high forſight prouids,
That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who ſawe themſelues, in glaſſe of truſty Steele)
Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
And ſet their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did floriſh moſt, Veleri max. lib. 2. cap. 3.
That no man might triumph in ſtately wiſe,
But ſuch as had, with blowes of bloudy blade
Fiue thouſand foes in foughten field foredone.
Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glaſſe,
May ſee proud pomps, in high triumphant wiſe,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When *Sergius*, deuiſed firſt the meane

To pen vp fiſhe, within the ſwelling floud,
And ſo content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast, exceſſe on Princes bordes,
And euery diſh, was chargde with new conceits,
To pleaſe the taſte, of vncontented mindes.
But had he ſeene, the ſtreine of ſtraunge deuiſe,
Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good ſmacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
With ſecret cauſe, of ſickeneſſe (oft) vnſeene,
Whiles luſt deſires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he ſay, that al the Romane coſt
Was common traſh, compard to ſundrie Sauce
Which princes vſe, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glaſſe, thou ſetteſt things to ſhew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe deſire, 3
The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his courſe,
The bayted Bul, and Beare at ſtately ſtake,
Theſe Enterluds, theſe newe Italian ſportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on luſt.

A ſwete conſent, of Muſicks ſacred ſound, 4
Doth rayſe our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
But ſweeter ſoundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery ſtoppe.

To toſſe and turne, the ſturdie trampling ſtede, 5
To bridle him, and make him meete to ſerue,
Deſerues (no doubt) great commendation.
But ſuch as haue, their ſtables ful yfraught,
With pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
What great exceſſe, vpon them may be ſpent,
How many poie, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therwith al, in godly wiſe be fedde, Deut 18
And kings ought not, ſo many horſe to haue.

The ſumpteous houſe, declares the princes ſtate, 6
But vaine exceſſe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbaſt hoſe, our treble double ruffes, 7
Our ſutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit ſilke ſtockes, and ſpaniſh lether ſhoes,
(Yea veluet ſerues, ofttimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our ſpangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking ſpurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And ſnares (vnſeen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which ſpurne at gliſtring perle, 8
And ſcorne the coſts, which we do holde ſo deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerleſſe truth, amongſt them publiſhed,
(VVhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the ſame (like vs) deſpiſe,
VVhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wiſe
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle ſo deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til gredy mindes, gan ſearch the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out ſundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and ſiluer, mettals of miſchiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the nobleſt Princes harts
With fouleſt fire, of filthy Auarice,
And ſeldome ſeene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What cauſeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cauſe of warres,
The neaſt of ſtrife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
But is this ſtrange? when Lords when Knightes and
(Which ought defende, the ſtate of common welth)
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?

O blinde deſire: oh high aſpiring harts.
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, Knightes.
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke.
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of theſe, can ſee in Chriſtal glaſſe
(VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gaſing eyes)
How euery life, beares with him his diſeaſe.
But in my glaſſe, which is of trustie ſteele,
I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordſhip liues, with lots of leſſe delight,
(Though cappe and knee, do ſeeme a reuerence,
And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coaſt.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherleſſe,
VVith pig and gooſe, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
VVil breake vp houſe, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an *Epicure.*

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
VVho rules the flocke, when ſheperds ſo are fled?
VVho ſtayes the ſtaff, which ſhuld vphold the ſtate?
Forſoth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the roſt, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your ſelues:
Your countrie claymes, ſome part of al your paines.
There ſhould you liue, and therein ſhould you toyle,
To hold vp right, and baniſh cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To puniſh vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
To ſee God ſerude, and *Belzebub* ſuppreſt.
You ſhould not truſt, lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them ſway, the ſcepter of your charge,
VVhiles you (meane while) know ſcarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The ſtately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(Al which his preſence might haue pacified,
Or elſe haue made offenders ſmel the ſmoke.)
And now the youth which might haue ſerued him,
In comely wiſe, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to ſeke aduance:
Is faine to ſell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or elſe ſits ſtill, and liueth like a loute,
(Yet of theſe two, the laſt fault is the leſſe:)
And ſo thoſe imps which might in time haue ſprong
Aloſte (good lord) and ſerude to ſhielde the ſtate,
Are either nipt, with ſuch vntimely froſts,
Or elſe growe crookt, bycauſe they be not proynd.

Theſe be the Knights, which ſhold defend the land,
And theſe be they, which leaue the land at large.
Yet here percaſe, it wilbe thought I roue
And runne aſtray, beſides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And ſuch as ſhew, moſt perfect in my glaſſe)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whoſe ſkil in armes, and long experience
Should ſtill vphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, conſtraine me for to ſpeake
What ſouldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my ſelfe, of that profeſsion)
I ſee a crew, which glister in my glaſſe, Souldiours.
The braueſt bande, that euer yet was ſene:
Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
VVhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* inſue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I ſee,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protefilaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles ſtands, in rancke amongſt the reſt,
Ariſtomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnleſſe the liſt, of good men be diſgrast.

Behold (my lord) theſe ſouldiours can I ſpie
Within my glaſſe, within my true Steele glaſſe.

Couetous Soldiours

I ſee not one therein, which ſeekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes,
And ſo beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muſter day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey *did, enrich the common heaps,*
And Paulus *he,* (Æmilius *furnamed*)
Returnde to Rome, *no richer than he went,*
Although he had, ſo many lands ſubdued,
And brought ſuch treaſure, to the common cheſts,
That fourſcore yeres, the ſtate was (after) free
From greuous taske, and impoſition.
Yea ſince againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought ſacrilege, himſelfe for to aduaunce,
And ſee his ſouldiours, pore or liue in lacke

Soldiours more braue then valiaunt.

I ſee not one, within this glaſſe of mine,
Whoſe fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When ſimple ſnakes, which go not halfe ſo gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with daſtard dreadfulneſſe.
And yet in towne, he ietted euery ſtreete,
As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himſelf)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward *Conſtantine.*
I ſee none ſuch, (my Lorde) I ſee none ſuch,

Since Phocion, *which was in deede a* Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (*whoſe conſtant hart could bide*
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to ſpend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.

Soldiours vvho (for their ovvn long continuance in seruice) do seeme to despise all other of latter time, and especially such as are learned.

I ſee not one, (my Lord) I ſee not one
Which ſtands ſomuch, vpon his paynted ſheath
(Bycauſe he hath, perchaunce at *Bolleyn* bene
And loytered, ſince then in idleneſſe)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himſelfe,
Nor one that can, deſpiſe the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, *and* Vliſſes *both,*
VVhere much eſteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, *eke was much eſteemde*
VVhoſe Eloquence, was ſuch in all reſpects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, *ſurnamed* Maximus,
Could ioyne ſuch learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the reſt.

Soldiours ouer cruel vvithout any regard.

Theſe bloudy beaſts, apeare not in my glaſſe,
VVhich cannot rule, their ſword in furious rage,
Nor haue reſpecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhoſe greedy harts ſo hungrie are to ſpoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeued is, at cries of giltleſſe bloud.
Pericles *was, a famous man of warre,*
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
VVherof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce

In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be ſtill (*quoth he*) *you graue* Athenians,
VVho whiſpered, and tolde his valiant factes)
You haue forgot, my greateſt glorie got.
For yet (*by me, nor mine occaſion*)
VVas neuer ſene, a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
Beleue me (Lord) a ſouldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde, whereon his knife ſhould cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And ſhewe their ſcarres to euery commer by,
Dare once be ſeene, within my glaſſe of Steele,
For ſo the faults, of *Thraſo* and his trayne,
(Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
Might ſone appeare, to euery ſkilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, *could cloſe and wel conuey*
Ful thirtie wounds, (*and three*) *vpon his head*,
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

Braggers and such as boast of their vvounds.

What ſhould I ſpeake, of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy luſt?
Of whom that one, can ſit and bybbe his fil,
Conſume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
To ſuch as march, and moue at his commaunde)
And makes himſelfe, a worthy mocking ſtocke
Which might deſerue, (by ſobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
In vaine delight, and foule concupiſcence,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
Vnder the belt, of ſuch as ſhould him ſerue,
And ſo becoms, example of much euil,
Which ſhould haue ſervde, as lanterne of good life:
And is controlde, whereas he ſhould commaund.
Auguſtus Cæſar, he which might haue made
Both feaſts and banquets brauely as the beſt,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
And ſeldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken and lecherous ſoldiours

Ariſtomenes, dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather choſe, to die in their defence,
Then filthy men, ſhould foyle their chaſtitie.
This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayſe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glaſſe, and you ſhall ſee therin,
Proud *Craſſus* bagges, conſumde by couetiſe,
Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenneſſe,
Cæſar and *Pompey*, ſplit with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightneſſe of beliefe,
Cleõmenes, by ryot not regarded,
Veſpaſian, diſdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light ſet by for his luſt,
Whereby at laſt, he dyed in priſon pent.

Hereto percaſe, ſome one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are purſed vp ſo cloſe,
And faires do fall ſo ſeldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouiſion muſt be made
To fende the froſt, in hardeſt winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaſſe of mine, Vngrateful Princes.
Iuſtinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
Which made to begge, bold *Beliſarius*
His trustie man, which had ſo ſtoutly fought
In his defence, with evry enimy.
And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which ſuffred him (that had ſo truely ſerued)
To leade pore life at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
VVhich did deſerue, such worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, moſt Souldiours of our time,
Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iuſtinian*
Did neuer die, without good ſtore of heyres.
And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
Such yſſewe ſprings, of ſuch vnpleſant budds,

But ſhal I ſay? this leſſon learne of me,

VVhen drums are dumb, and ſound not dub a dub, VVhat euery ſoldiour ſhould be in time of peace.
Then be thou eke, as mewet as a mayde
(I preach this ſermon but to ſouldiours)
And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the ſleeue
For ſutes of ſilke, when cloth may ſerue thy turne,
Let not thy ſcores, come robbe thy needy purſe,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
VVhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a ſeruing man? then ſerue againe,
And ſtint to ſteale as common ſouldiours do.

Art thou a craftſman? take thee to thine arte,
And caſt off ſlouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman preſſed for a ſhift?
Then learne to clout, thine old caſt cobled ſhoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to ſpoyle, as thou haſt ſeene ſome do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who luſt, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And ſo to get, a right renoumed name,
Muſt caſt aſide, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
Bycauſe he bare, ſuch compaſſe in my glaſſe.
High time were then, to turne my weiy pen,
Vnto the Peaſant comming next in place.
And here to write, the ſumme of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and ſowe,
Which ſwinke and ſweate, whiles we do ſleepe and ſnort
And ſerch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,

But he that labors any kind of way. Peasant
To gather gaines, and to enrich himſelfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Prieſts
And al the reſt, that liue in common welth,
(So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt, a Peaſant in his place. Strange Peasants
All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
Muſt be content, to take a Peaſants rome.

A ſtrange deuiſe, and ſure my Lord wil laugh,
To ſee it ſo, deſgeſted in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
Moſt officers, commaund that ſhuld be cravde) Officers
He that can ſhare, from euery pention payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke, ſir *Bennet* by the ſleeue,
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
He that can winke, at any foule abuſe,
As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
Shal ſuch come ſee themſelues in this my glaſſe?
Or ſhal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but ſhal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worſe, than haimeles homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to ſerue our common vſe.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye, ſharpe as *Linceus* ſight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in euery place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amiſſe?
He ſhal be ſure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
But priuie gaine, (that bribing buſie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch ſo low,
As officers, can neuer ſee him ſlyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his ſtealing ſteppes.
He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde ſide ſtil.

Theſe things (my Lord) my glaſſe now ſets to ſhew,
Whereas long ſince, all officers were ſeene
To be men made, out of another moulde.
Epamynond, of whome I ſpake before
(Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he ſpake, to ſuch as ſought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you deſire,
Then wil I do, it for the vertues ſake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte. There to fevv
If ſo it be, for this my common weale, such of-
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both ficers.
To ſee it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the ſtate, which I pretende to ſtay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free conſent thereto.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* ſteps?
Or who can byde, *Cambyſes* cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iuſt, (yea ſofte and peace good ſir)
For Iuſtice ſleepes, and Troth is ieſted out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
Hold euermore, one finger ſtreight ſtretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their maſter theeues. False iudges

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
And *Marcus Craſſus* had none iſſue male,
Cicero ſlipt, vnſene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, Aduocats.
And were content, to vſe their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demoſthenes, in *Athens* vſde his arte,
(Not for to heape, himſelfe great hourds of gold,
But) ſtil to ſtay, the towne from deepe deceite
Of *Philips* wyles, which had beſieged it.
Where ſhal we reade, that any of theſe foure
Did euer pleade, as careleſſe of the trial?
Or who can ſay, they builded ſumpteouſly?
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houſes borne,
And yet content, to vſe their best deuoire,
In furdering, eche honeſt harmeleſſe cauſe.
They did not rowte (like rude vnringed ſwine,)
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They ſtoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycauſe they had, reſpect to equitie)
To leade a life, like true Philoſophers.
Of all the briſtle bearded Aduocates
That euer lovde their fees aboue the cauſe,
I cannot ſee, (ſcarce one) that is ſo bolde
To ſhewe his face, and fayned Phiſnomie
In this my glaſſe: but if he do (my Lorde)
He ſhewes himſelfe, to be by very kinde
A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
To do ſmal right, but ſure to take no wrong.

And maſter Merchant, he whoſe trauaile ought Merchants.
Commodiouſly, to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle, the ſame for to enriche,
Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
Of euery ware, that is accompted ſtrange.
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine deſires
Vntil the court, haue courtiers caſt at heele,
Quia non habent veſtes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whoſe harebrainde heads muſt haue
More clothes attones, than might become a king:
For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes muſt ſpin,
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I ſpeake not this by engliſh courtiers
Since engliſh wool, was euer thought most worth)
For whom al ſeas, are toſſed to and fro,
For whom theſe purples come from *Perſia*,
The crimoſine, and liuely red from *Inde:*
For whom ſoft ſilks, do ſayle from *Sericane*,
And all queint costs, do come from fardeſt coaſts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
To ſpin and worke the clothes that he ſhuld weare,
And neuer carde, for ſilks or ſumpteous coſt,
For cloth of gold, or tinſel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He ſet the ſhippes, of merchantmen on worke,
VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and ſavrie ſalt
And ſuch like wares, as ſerued common vſe.

Yea for my life, thoſe merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reaſonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
To teach yong men, the trade to ſel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too ſometimes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde ſuch babes, in father Derbies bands,
To ſtay their ſteps, by ſtatute Staples ſtaffe,
To rule yong royſters, with *Recognisance*,
To read *Arithmetick* once euery day,
In VVoodstreat, Bredſtreat, and in Pultery
(VVhere ſuch ſchoolmaiſters keepe their counting houſe)
To fede on bones, when fleſh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds, ful cloſe in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large,
Might ſing perchaunce, abroade, when ſunne doth ſhine
Of their miſhaps, and how their fethers fel)
Vntill the canker may their corpſe conſume.

Theſe knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
Bycauſe they ſhewe not in my glaſſe of ſteele.
But holla: here, I ſee a wondrous ſight,
I ſee a ſwarme, of Saints within my glaſſe:
Beholde, behold, I ſee a ſwarme in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wiſe,
Not deckt in robes, nor garniſhed with gold,
But ſome vnſhod, yea ſome ful thinly clothde,
And yet they ſeme, ſo heauenly for to ſee,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
Their comly beards, and heare, of ſiluer wiers.
And to be ſhort, they ſeeme Angelycall.
What ſhould they be, (my Lord) what ſhould they be

O gratious God, I ſee now what they be.
Theſe be my prieſts, which pray for evry ſtate,
Theſe be my prieſts, deuorced from the world, Priest.
And wedded yet, to heauen and holyneſſe,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, diſdayning drunkeneſſe,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocriſie.
Which neuer ſawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thunder threts, of gods moſt greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in ſtore.

Lo theſe (my Lord) be my good praying prieſts,
Deſcended from, *Melchyſedec* by line
Coſens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
Theſe be my priests, the ſeaſning of the earth
VVhich wil not leeſe, their Savrineſſe, I trowe.

Not one of theſe (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of theſe, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vſurie,
And yet receiue, a ſhilling for a pounde.

Not one of theſe, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waſpe,

Not one of theſe, can be content to ſit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouſes all day,
But ſpends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of theſe, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of theſe, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himſelfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of theſe, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of theſe, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himſelfe, with hauke vpon his fiſt
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of theſe, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will ſue for tythes.

Not one of theſe (not one of theſe my Lord)
Wil be aſhamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My prieſts haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they truſt not in their lyplabour.

My prieſts can faſt, and vſe al abſtinence,
From vice and ſinne, and yet refuſe no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wiſe,
And loue alſo, to do good almes dedes,
Although they truſt, not in their owne deſerts.

My prieſtes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My prieſts can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superſtition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my prieſts?
Although they were, the laſt that ſhewed themſelues,
I ſaide at firſt, their office was to pray,
And ſince the time, is ſuch euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my prieſts, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil preſume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my prieſts, yea pray to god himſelfe, The poets Beades
That he vouchſafe, (euen for his Chriſtes ſake)
To giue his word, free paſſage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May ſoone be ſene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth ſtil, in Sinks of filthy ſinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all eſtates, For Princes.
VVhich ſway the ſworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Muſt be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Elſe I deſerue, to leſe both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith ſtil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themſelues,
And that they be but ſlaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken ſleeps
Shal ſcant ſuffize, to hold it ſtil vpright.

Tell ſome (in *Spaine*) how cloſe they kepe their cloſets,
How ſelde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their ſunburnt ſutours ſterue
And pine before, their proceſſe be preferrde.
Then pray (my prieſts) that god wil giue his grace,
To ſuch a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel ſome (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile ſutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my prieſts) for prayers princes mende.

Tel ſome (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In ſetting forth, of right religion:
Which more eſteme, the preſent pleaſures here,
Then ſtabliſhing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Prieſts) leaſt god ſuch princes ſpit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel ſome (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At ſtinking ſtewes, and ſay they are (forſooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste:
When as (in dede they be the ſinkes of ſinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto ſuch princes charge,
When he himſelfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

For al nobilitie and counselors.

And pray likewiſe, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magiſtrates, al councellours, and all
That ſit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my prieſts) that neither loue nor mede
Do ſway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too ſaintiſh nor too ſowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That ſtil they ſtoppe, one eare to heare him ſpeake,
Which is accuſed, abſent as he is:
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpaſte (ſo that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they ſee, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne aſtray.
That malice make, no manſion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to ſee how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory ſure,
If deeds mainteine, their aunceſtors degree.

Eke pray (my Prieſts) for them and for your ſelues, For the clergie.
For Biſhops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Prieſts
And al that preach, or otherwiſe profeſſe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of ſoules.
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
And that you ſhine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that ſome, (I ſee them I
VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
For why my glaſſe, wil ſhew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie, may launch about at large.

And ſome again (I ſee them wel enough
And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe.*
Pray, pray (my priests) for theſe, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to ſay, that ſome do (Romainelike)
Eſteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therfore pray (my prieſts) leſt pride preuaile.

Pray that the ſoules, of ſundrie damned goſts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of ſome whoſe welth, made them neglect their charge
Til ſecret ſinnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a ſcab, which brought the ſhep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
Which durſt not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
Then pray (my prieſts) that ſuch no more do ſo.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuerſities,

(And *Cantabridge*, ſhal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wiſe:
That *Philoſophy*, ſmel no ſecret ſmoke, For all learned.
Which *Magike* makes, in wicked myſteries:
That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery ſtile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
That *Sophiſtrie*, do not deceiue it ſelfe,
That *Coſmography* keepe his compaſſe wel,
And ſuch as be, *Hiſtoriographers*,
Truſt not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
That *Phiſicke*, thriue not ouer faſt by murder:
That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*
Vnmeaſurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie*, meaſure not ſo long,
Til all their meaſures out of meaſure be:
That *Muſike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor ſet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot:
That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache:
That *Poetrie*, preſume not for to preache,
And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* coroſiues,
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteſſes:
Or that ſhe dote not vppon *Erato*,
Which ſhould inuoke the good *Caliope:*
That *Aſtrologie*, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:
That *Grammer* grudge not at our engliſh tong,
Bycauſe it ſtands by *Monoſyllaba*,
And cannot be declined as others are.
Pray thus (my prieſts for vniuerſities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exerciſed there.
Pray you to god, the good be not abuſde,
With glorious ſhewe, of ouerloding skill.

Now theſe be paſt, (my prieſts) yet ſhal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree, For the Cominaltie
That God vouchſafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where ſhould I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who ſhal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot ſee who beſt deſerues the roome,
Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
Yet ſo the Sayler ſaith I do him wrong:
That one contends, his paines are without peare,
That other ſaith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But ſince I ſee no ſhipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many ſee
(Which liue by lande) that neuer ſawe the ſeas:
Therefore I ſay, ſtand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
Thou winſt the roome, by verie worthineſſe.

Behold him (prieſts) and though he ſtink of ſweat
Diſdaine him not: for ſhal I tel you what? The plovvman
Such clime to heauen, before the ſhauen crownes.
But how? forſooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they ſet, debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for becauſe, they can both crowche and creep
(The guilefulſt men, that euer God yet made)
VVhen as they meane, moſt miſchiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
And ſay they racke, their rents an ace to high,
VVhen they themſelues, do ſel their landlords lambe
For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
I ſee you *Peerce*, my glaſſe was lately ſcowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and prieſts in cloyſter pent:
Therefore I ſay, that ſooner ſome of them
Shal ſcale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
Than cornfed beasts, whoſe bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my prieſts) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
And if you haue a *Paternoſter* ſpare
Then ſhal you pray, for Saylers (God them ſend
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
For towarde ſhipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learne, to ſpeake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaſpheming othes:
That they forget, to ſteale from euery fraight,
And for to forge, falſe cockets, free to paſſe,
That manners make, them giue their betters place,
And vſe good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my prieſts begin to frowne,
And ſay, that thus they ſhal be ouerchargde,
To pray for al, which ſeme to do amiſſe:
And one I heare, more ſaucie than the reſt,
VVhich asketh me, when ſhal our prayers end?
I tel thee (priest) when ſhoomakers make ſhoes,
That are wel ſowed, with neuer a ſtich amiſſe,
Aud vſe no craſte, in vttring of the ſame:
VVhen Taylours ſteale, no ſtuffe from gentlemen,
VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
And both ſo dreſſe their hydes, that we go dry.
when Cutlers leaue, to ſel olde ruſtie blades,
And hide no crackes, with ſoder nor deceit:
when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
when colliers put, no duſt into their ſacks,
when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
when Dame Diker diggs, and dallies not,
when ſmithes ſhoo horſes, as they would be ſhod,
when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleſhe,
when horſecorſers, beguile no friends with Iades.

when weauers weight, is found in huſwiues web.
(But why dwel I, ſo long among theſe lowts?)

VVhen mercers make, more bones to ſwere and lye,
VVhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VVhen printers paſſe, none errours in their bookes,
VVhen hatters vſe, to bye none olde caſt robes,
VVhen goldſmithes get, no gains by ſodred crownes.
When vpholſters, ſel fethers without duſt,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tuſh theſe are toys, but yet my glas ſheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themſelues,
VVhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vſe no brags,
When cuſtomers, conceale no covine vſde,
VVhen Seachers ſee, al coiners in a ſhippe,
(And ſpie no pens by any ſight they ſee)
VVhen ſhriues do ſerue, al proceſſe as they ought,
VVhen baylifes ſtrain, none other thing but ſtrays,
VVhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VVhen proude ſurueyours, take no parting pens,
VVhen Siluer ſticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al theſe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my prieſts) a little by your leaue)
VVhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are eſpied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,
When royſters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by ſwearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VVhen *Lays* hues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vſeth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al theſe things, are ordred as they ought,
Aud ſee themſelues, within my glaſſe of ſteele,
Euen then (my prieſts) may you make holyday.

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray ſtil for me, and for my Glaſſe of ſteele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycauſe we ſhew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (ſince my hap is ſuch
To ſee men ſo) I may perceiue myſelfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthleſſe verſe,
Pray for me Prieſts, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

EPILOGVS.

Las (my lord) my haſt was al to hote,
I ſhut my glaſſe, before you gaſde your fill,
And at a glimſe, my ſeely ſelfe haue ſpied,
A ſtranger trowpe, than any yet were ſene:
Beholde (my lorde) what monſters muster here,
With Angels face, and harmefull heliſh harts,
With ſmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and ſtony cruel mindes,
With ſtealing ſteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ſtande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with ſundry ſubtill ſleights,
But paint and ſlicke, til fayreſt face be foule,
But bumbaſt, bolster, friſle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicateſt diſhes.
The yonger ſorte, come pyping on apace,
In whiſtles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder ſorte, go ſtately ſtalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordſhips, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What ſhould theſe be? (ſpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare ſuch ſide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloſſe.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which ſeme ſo faintiſh.
What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
With Spaniſh ſpangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be ſo ſure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
Nay then (my lorde) let ſhut the glaſſe apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muſe to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world poſſeſt,
Cannot deſcribe, this Sex in colours dewe,
No no (my Lorde) we gaſed haue inough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glaſſe, do like my louely lorde,
VVe wil eſpie, ſome ſunny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and ſee ſome ſemely ſights.
Meane while, my Muſe, right humbly doth beſech,
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verſe,
Vntil my braines, may better ſtuffe deuiſe.

FINIS:

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

The complaynt of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Eſquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

IMPRINTED AT
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Anno Domini 1576.

To the right honorable, my ſinguler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of Wilton, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter

Yght noble, when I had determined with myſelf to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glaſſe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my caſe to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abuſed by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares paſt, I had begonne an *Elegye* or ſorrowefull ſong, called the Complainte of *Phylomene*, the which I began too deuiſe riding by the high way betwene Chelmiſford and London, and being ouertaken with a ſodaine daſh of Raine, I changed my copy, and ſtroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongſt my other *Poeſies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfiniſhed: and ſo it hath continued euer ſince vntil this preſent moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glaſſe*. And bycauſe I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glaſſe*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amiſſe now to finiſh and pece vp the ſaide *Complaint* of *Philomene*, obſeruing neuertheleſſe the ſame determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is ſaide) twelue yeares nowe paſt. The which I preſume with the reſt to preſent vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the ſame wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder beſeche that your lordſhip wil voutſafe in reading therof, to geſſe (by change of ſtyle) where the renewing of the verſe may bee moſt apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with theſe rude lines, but beſech of the almightie long to preſerue you to his pleaſure. From my pore houſe in VValkamſtowe the ſixtenth of April 1575.

Your L. bounden and moſt aſſured
George Gaſcoigne.

PHILOMENE.

N ſweet April, the meſſenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden ſhowres,
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,
And weſterne windes, do foſter forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus ſhe tolde hir tale.

Theſe thriftles birds (quoth ſhe) which ſpend the day,
In needleſſe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are coſtly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which ſpend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when thoſe birds take their reſt,
Forpine my ſelfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breſte.
I leade a life, to pleaſe the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet ſeely ſoule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and ſeke for ſeedes at large.
The Throſtle ſhe, which makes the wood to ring
With ſhryching lowde, that lothſome is to heare,
Is coſtly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whoſe notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good ſooth (quoth ſhe) ſometimes I wepe
To ſee Tom Tyttimouſe, ſo much ſet by.
The Finche, which ſingeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aſwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they ſinge alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet ſaith, for ſinging ſweete and ſofte,
(In hir conceit) there is none ſuch as ſhe.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole:
The tatling Awbe doth pleaſe ſome fancie wel,
And ſome like beſt, the byrde as Black as cole.
And yet could I, if ſo it were my minde,
For harmony, ſet al theſe babes to ſchole,
And ſing ſuch notes, as might in euery kinde
Diſgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
But ſhould I ſo? no no ſo wil I not.
Let brutiſh beaſts, heare ſuch brute birds as thoſe.
(For like to like, the prouerbe ſaith I wot)
And ſhould I then, my cunning skil diſcloſe?
For ſuch vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
To ſucke mine eggs, whiles I ſit in the thicke?
And rather praiſe, the chattring of a pye,
Than hir that ſings, with breſt againſt a pricke?
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
And in the ſilent night then let them walke,
To heare the Owle, how ſhe doth ſhryche and yel.
And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
My pleaſant voice, to ſounde, at their requeſt.
But ſhrowd my ſelfe, in darkeſome night and raine,
And learne to cowche, ful cloſe vpon my neaſt.
Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percaſe)
To ſing a note, or twaine for my diſporte,
It ſhalbe done, in ſome ſuch ſecret place,
That fewe or none, may thervnto reſorte.
Theſe flatterers, (in loue) which falſhood meane,
Not once aproch, to heare my pleaſant ſong.
But ſuch as true, and ſtedfast louers bene,
Let them come neare, for elſe they do me wrong.
And as I geſſe, not many miles from hence,
There ſtands a ſquire, with pangs of ſorrow preſt,
For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the beſt.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night:
And with that word, ſhe gan to cleare hir throate.
But ſuch a liuely ſong (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I ſuch another note.
It was (thought me) ſo pleaſant and ſo plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was neuer halfe ſo ſweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,*
And that ſhe did, in pleaſant wiſe repeate,
With ſweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of griefe were greate.
For when ſhe had, ſo ſoong and taken breath,
Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart ſo throbbe,
As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and ſobbe,

She ſhewed great skil, for tunes of vniſone,
Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in griefe) had ſuch a grace.
Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,
She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
Remember al, which hir ſweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
And that ſaide thus: *Nêmeſis, Nêmeſis,*
The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir ſinging ſounded ſo,
And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,
That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
To vnderſtand, what hir ſwete notes might meane.
And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on ſleepe, as I on ſtaffe did leane.
And in my ſlomber, had I ſuch a ſight,
As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
Me thought I ſawe a derling of delight,
A ſtately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
Whoſe glittring gite, ſo glimſed in mine eyes,
As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuiſe,
To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
But trueth to tel, (for al hir ſmyling cheere)
She caſt ſometimes, a grieuous frowning glance,
As who would ſay: by this it may appeare,
That *Iuſt reuenge*, is *Preſt for euery chance*,
In hir right hand, (which to and fro did ſhake)
She bare a skourge, with many a knottie ſtring,
And in hir left, a ſnaffle Bit or brake,
Beboſt with gold, and many a gingling ring:
She came apace, and ſtately did ſhe ſtay,
And whiles I ſeemd, amazed very much,
The courteous dame, theſe words to me did ſay:
Sir Squire (quoth ſhe) ſince thy deſire is ſuch,
To vnderſtande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
(For ſo ſhe hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
And what the ſounde, of euery note might meane,
Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
Of ſuch as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauour eke, they furder ſuch affaires,
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And ſince thy words, were grounded on deſire,
Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue, the thing thou didſt require,
And louingly, haue ſent me here bylowe,
To paraphraſe, the piteous pleaſant notes,
Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely ſpend in ſpring,
For he that wel, *Dan Naſoes* verſes notes,
Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
Giue eare (ſir Squire quoth ſhe) and I wil, tel
Both what ſhe was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.

IN *Athens* reignde ſomtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a ſtately traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane ſuch fruts as make men thinke
They ſit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himſelfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But ſmyling lucke, bewitcht,
This peereleſſe Prince to thinke,
That poyſon cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleaſant drinke.

And kinde became ſo kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie ſuch and ſo wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

See: ſee: how higheſt harmes,
Do lurke in ripeſt Ioyes,
How couertly doth ſorow ſhrowde,
In trymmeſt worldely toyes.

Theſe iewels of his ioy,
Became his cauſe of care,
And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
Bycauſe he came of kings,
(So weddings made for worldly welth
Do ſeme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde:
VVhoſe eldeſt daughter choſen was,
To ſerue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
And ſhe by whom I meane,
To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
The feaſting done and paſt,
To *Thrace* with his new wedded ſpouſe
He turneth at the laſt.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
And iolytie they ſpent,
Both ſatiſfied with deepe delight,
And cloyde with al content.

¶ At laſt the dame deſirde
Hir ſiſter for to ſee,
Such coles of kindely loue did ſeme
VVithin hir breſt to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
He graunts to hir requeſt,
And hoiſt vp ſaile, to ſeke the coaſte,
VVhere *Phylomene* doth reſt.

He paſt the foming ſeas,
And findes the pleaſant porte,
Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receiude,
And) welcomde by the king,
He ſhewde the cauſe, which thither then
Did his ambaſſade bring.

His father him embraſt,
His ſiſter kiſt his cheeke,
In al the court his comming was
Reioyſt of euerie Greecke.

O ſee the ſweete deceit,
Which blindeth worldly wits,
How common peoples loue by lumpes,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wiſe,
Is many times embraste,
And he which meanes moſt faith and troth
By grudging is diſgraſt.

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of ſiſters helth
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crummes of coſt,
And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no ſooner ſawe
(I meane this *Thracian* prince)
But ſtreight therwith his fancies fume
All reaſon did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
Might kindle rotten reeds:
Euen ſo hir looke a ſecret flame,
Within his boſome breedes.

He thinks al leyſure long
Til he (with hir) were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he cravde too much,
He then excuſde him ſelfe, and ſaide
That *Prognes* words were ſuch.

His teares confirmed all
Teares: like to ſiſters teares,
As who ſhuld ſay by theſe fewe drops
Thy ſiſters griefe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
That wickedneſſe ſeemde wit,
And by the lawde of his pretence,
His lewdneſſe was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* ſet forth
The force of his requeſt,
And cravde (with ſighes) hir fathers leaue
To be hir ſiſters gueſt.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kiſt,
And for hir welth did ſeke the woe
VVherof ſhe little wiſt.

Meane while ſtoode *Tereus*,
Beholding their affectes
And made thoſe pricks (for his deſire
A ſpurre in al reſpects.

And wiſht himſelfe hir ſire,
VVhen ſhe hir ſire embraſt,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chaſt.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
The powre for to denay,
His own deare child, and ſonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Suppoſing that for good ſucceſſe,
VVhich hardeſt happe muſt be.

But (leaſt my tale ſeeme long)
Their ſhipping is preparde:
And to the ſhore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vſde this parting ſpeech:
Daughter (quoth he) you haue deſire
Your ſiſters court to ſeech.

Your ſiſter ſeemes likewiſe,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withſtande
So many deepe deſires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my ſonne of *Thrace*,)
I conſtantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
And al that ſeemeth ſure,

That father like, thou fende
My daughter deare from ſcathe,
And (ſince I counte al leaſure long)
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
(Quoth he) come ſoone againe,
Thy ſiſters abſence puts thy ſyre,
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kiſt hir cheeke,
And ſent a ſecond kiſſe
For *Progues* part, and (bathde with teares)
His daughter doth he bliſſe.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
For token of his truth,
VVho rather laught his teares to ſcorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The ſayles are fully ſpredde,
And winds did ſerue at will,
And forth this traitour king conueies
His praie in priſon ſtill.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my ſhippe
Is fraught with my deſire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
Vppon hir fearefull face,
And ſtil behelde hir geſtures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a ſide,
But like the cruel catte
VVhich gloating caſteth many a glance
Vpon the ſelly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long diſcourſe?
They now are come on lande,
And forth of ſhip the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a ſelly ſhrowde,
A ſheepecote cloſely builte
Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
Their guiltleſſe bloud had ſpilte,

There (like a lambe,) ſhe ſtoode,
And askte with trimbling voice,
VVhere *Progne* was, whoſe only ſight
Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
His luſt in lewdneſſe lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful faſt
This ſimple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
Vnbridling blinde deſire,
And ment of hir chaſt minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
VVith force he hir ſuppreſt,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
VVhoſe flowre he liked beſt.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
Whoſe forward feete, his harmfull hands
With furious force did ſtay.

Ahlas what ſhould ſhe fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
And he was much of might.

It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And ſtil before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did ſtande.

And yet ſhe (weeping cride)
Vppon hir ſiſters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
Whoſe factle did foyle hir fame.

And on the Gods ſhe calde,
For helpe in hir diſtreſſe,
But al in vaine he wrought his wil
Whoſe luſt was not the leſſe.

¶ The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there ſhe ſat much like a birde
New ſcapte from falcons feete.

VVhoſe blood embrues hir ſelfe,
And ſitts in ſorie plight,
Ne dare ſhe proine hir plumes again,
But feares a ſecond flight.

At laſt when hart came home,
Diſcheveld as ſhe ſate,
VVith hands vphelde, ſhe tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful ſtate.

O Barbrous *blood (quoth ſhe)*
By Barbrous *deeds diſgraſt,*
Coulde no kinde coale, nor pitties ſparke,
Within thy breſt be plaſte?

Could not my fathers hests,
Nor my moſt ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?

Could not my ſiſters loue
Once quench thy filthy luſt?
Thou foulſt vs al, and eke thy ſelfe,
We griev'd, and thou vniuſt.

By thee I haue defilde
My deareſt ſiſters bedde
By thee I compt the life but loſt,
Which too too long I ledde.

By thee (thou Bigamus*)*
Our fathers griefe muſt growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did beſtowe.

But ſince my faulte, thy facte,
My fathers iuſt offence,
My ſiſters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot ſo diſpence.

If any Gods be good
Yf right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou ſhalt be paide againe.

And (wicked) do thy wurſt,
Thou canſt no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.

Then might my ſoule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and ſaide,
That though I died diſcontent,
Yf livde and dide a mayde.

¶ Herewith hir ſwelling ſobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
To heare theſe words did walke.

And ſkornefully he caſt
At hir a frowning glaunce,
VVhich made the mayde to ſtriue for ſpech,
And ſtertling from hir traunce,

¶ *F wil reuenge (quoth ſhe)*
For here I ſhake off ſhame,
And wil (my ſelfe) bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickeſt throngs
(Ff I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor ſo.

If I in deſerts dwel,
The woods, my words ſhal heare,
Th[illegible]ts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witneſſe with me beare.

I will ſo fil the ayre
With noyſe of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie facte.

¶ Theſe words amazde the king,
Conſcience with choller ſtraue,
But rage ſo rackte his reſtles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his ſheath a knife
Ful deſpratly he drawes,
VVherwith he cut the guiltleſſe tong
Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that movde him to be mad,
And ſhould haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with ſpight
This truſtie tongue he caſt,
VVhoſe roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous faſt.

So ſtirres the ſerpents taile
VVhen it is cut in twaine,
And ſo it ſeemes that weakeſt willes,
(By words) would eaſe their paine.

I bluſh to tell this tale,
But ſure beſt books ſay this:
That yet the butcher did not bluſh
Hir bloudy mouth to kiſſe.

And ofte hir bulke embraſt,
And ofter quencht the fire,
VVhich kindled had the furnace firſt,
Within his foule deſire.

Not herewithal content,
To *Progne* home he came,
VVho askt him ſtreight of *Philomene*:
He (fayning griefe of game,)

Burſt out in bitter teares,
And ſayde the dame was dead,
And falſly tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene caſt off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And dreſt in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom ſhe thought dead in deede.

A ſepulchre ſhe builds
(But for a liuing corſe,)
And praide the gods on ſiſters foule
To take a iuſt remorſe:

And offred ſacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
Twelue yeeres in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plan
Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full cloſe
In ſhepcote ſtil was clapt,
Enforſt to bide by ſtonie walles
VVhich faſt (in hold) hir hapt.

And as thoſe walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to ſcape,
So was hir tong (by knife) reſtrainde,
For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
But onely womans witte,
VVhich ſodainly in queinteſt chance,
Can beſt it ſelfe acquit.

And Miſerie *(amongſt)*
Tenne thouſand miſchieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practiſes,
As proofe makes men to knowe.

VVith curious needle worke,
A garment gan ſhe make,
Wherin ſhe wrote what bale ſhe bode,
And al for bewties ſake.

This garment gan ſhe giue
To truſtie Seruants hande,
VVho ſtreight conueid it to the queen
Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VVhen *Progne* red the writ,
(A wondrous tale to tell)
She kept it cloſe: though malice made
Hir venging hart to ſwell.

And did deferre the deede,
Til time and place might ſerue,
But in hir minde a ſharpe reuenge,
She fully did reſerue.

O ſilence ſeldome ſeene,
That women counſell keepe,
The cauſe was this, ſhe wakt hir wits
And lullde hir tong on ſleepe.

I ſpeake againſt my ſex,
So haue I done before,
But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
VVhich *Bacchus* to belong,
And in that night the queene prepares
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
VVith ſworde hir ſelfe doth arme,
VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
Hir handmaides following faſt,
Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde
The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloude,
As *Bacchus* prieſts do crie,
She brake the dores, and found the place
VVhere *Philomene* did lye.

And toke hir out by force,
And dreſt hir *Bacchus* like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
(For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir houſe,
But when the wretch it knewe,
That now againe ſhe was ſo neere
To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
And lookt like aſhes pale.
But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
Set ſilence al to ſale,

And tooke the garments off,
Diſcouering firſt hir face,
And ſiſter like did louingly
Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There ſhe (by ſhame abaſht)
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who ſhould ſay: *Thy right (by me)*
Is reſte in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground ſhe falles,
VVhich ground ſhe kiſt hir fill,
As witneſſe that the filthie facte
VVas done againſt hir wil.

And caſt hir hands to heauen,
In ſteede of tong to tell,
VVhat violence the lecher vſde,
And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And ſware with ſworde (no teares) to venge
The crafte of this conſtrainte.

Or if (quoth ſhe) there bee
Some other meane more ſure,
More ſtearne, more ſtoute, then naked ſword
Some miſchiefe to procure,

I ſweare by al the Gods,
I ſhall the ſame embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
Vppon the king of *Thrace.*

Ne will I ſpare to ſpende
My life in ſiſters cauſe,
In ſiſters? ah what ſaide I wretch?
My wrong ſhall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
VVith al the princes pelfe,
And in the midſt of flaming fire,
VVil caſte the king him ſelfe.

I wil ſcrat out thoſe eyes,
That taught him firſt to luſt,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that reuenge were iuſt.

Or let me carue with knife,
The wicked Inſtrument,
VVherewith he, thee, and me abuſde
(I am to miſchiefe bent.)

Or ſleeping let me ſeeke
To ſende the ſoule to hel,
VVhoſe barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did ſeeme to beare the bel.

¶ Theſe words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little ſonne came leaping in
VVhich *Ytis* had to name.

VVhoſe preſence, could not pleaſe
For (vewing well his face,)
Ah wretch (quoth ſhe) how like he growet
Vnto his fathers grace.

And therwithal reſolvde
A rare reuenge in deede
VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerefully did ſmile,
And hung about his mothers necke
VVith eaſie weight therewhile,

And kiſt (as children vſe)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Her minde was movde to much remorce
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could ſhe teares refrayne,
But wept againſt hir will,
Such tender rewth of innocence,
Hir cruell moode did kill.

At laſt (ſo furie wrought)
VVithin hir breſt ſhe felt,
That too much pitie made hir minde
Too womanlike to melt,

And ſaw hir ſiſter ſit,
VVith heauy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into theſe words ſhe bruſt
(Quoth ſhe) why flatters he?
And why againe (with tong cut out)
So ſadly ſitteth ſhee?

He, mother, mother calles,
She ſiſter cannot ſay,
That one in earneſt doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth ſhe)
Remember ſtil your race,
And neuer marke the ſubtil ſhewes
Of any Soule in *Thrace.*

You ſhould degenerate,
If right reuenge you ſlake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee,
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
Al miſchiefe vnder ſkies,
VVere pietie compard to that
VVhich *Tereus* did deuiſe.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
But *(Tygrelike)* ſhe toke
The little boy ful boiſtrouſly
VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir ſonnes ſmal tender hart
An open wound ſhe made.

The cruel dede diſpatcht,
Betwene the ſiſters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had ſlaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
The reſt they laide to fire,
And on the table cauſed it,
Be ſet before the ſire.

And counterfaite a cauſe
(As *Grecians* order then)
That at ſuch feaſts; (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Deuoured then for meate.

His ouerſight was ſuch,
That he for *Itis* ſent,
VVoſe murdered members in his mawe,
He pruily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
Hir ioy of griefe could hide,
The thing thou ſeekſt (ò wretch quoth ſhe)
VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
And ſearching for his ſonne)
Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
VVherwith ſhe then was cladde,)
In fathers boſom caſt the head
Of *Itis* ſelly ladde:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more deſire to ſpeake,
Than now: wherby hir madding mood
Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince ſtert vp,
VVhoſe hart did boyle in breſt,
To feele the foode, and ſee the ſawce,
VVhich he could not diſgeſt.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by ſmarte of ſword, and flame)
A ſharpe reuenge he ſekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
Theſe bloudie deedes did ſee,
And found that bloud ſtil couits bloud
And ſo none ende could be.

They then by their forſight
Thought meete to ſtinte the ſtrife,
And ſo reſtraind the murdring king,
From ſiſter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongeſt daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloiſter life ſhe ledde.

And yet to eaſe hir woe,
She worthily can ſing,
And as thou hearſt, can pleaſe the eares
Of many men in ſpring.

The eldeſt dame and wife
A *Swallowe* was aſſignde,
And builds in ſmoky chimney toppes
And flies againſt the winde.

The king him ſelfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to be,
VVho for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them ſee.

The lad a Pheaſaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
VVhoſe blouddie plumes declare the bloud
VVherwith his face was ſtaind.

¶ But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
Theyongeſt dame toforreſts fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposition of al such notes as the nightingale dot[h] commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
VVhich (*Philomela* hight)
Delights for (feare of force againe)
To ſing alwayes by night.

But when the ſunne to weſt,
Doth bende his weerie courſe,
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
VVhich craueth iuſt remorſe.

1 And for hir foremoſt note,
Tereu Tereu, doth ſing,
Complaining ſtil vppon the name
Of that falſe *Thracian* king

Much like the childe at ſchole
VVith byrchen rodds ſore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maiſter chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he ſtarts,
And (ô good maiſter) cries,
Euen ſo this byrde vppon that name,
Hir foremoſt note replies.

Or as the red breaſt byrds,
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
Ful faſt in foote, by winters night
To fende themſelues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them ſcape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubte a ſecond rape.

And in the nexter night,
Ful many times do crie,
Remembring yet the ruthful plight
VVherein they late did lye.

Euen ſo this ſelly byrde,
Though now tranſformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepaſt,
She beareth ſtil in minde.

And in hir foremoſt note,
She notes that cruel name,
By whom ſhe loſt hir pleaſant ſpeech
And fouled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir ſecond note is *fye*,
In Greeke and latine *phy*,
In engliſh *fy*, and euery tong
That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares diſdaine,
Or lothſome leying by
Of any thing we taſt, heare, touche,
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In taſt, phy ſheweth ſome ſowre.
In hearing, ſome diſcorde,
In touch, ſome ſoule or filthy toye,
In ſmel, ſome ſent abhorde.

In ſight, ſome lothſome loke,
And euery kind of waie,
This byword phy betokneth bad,
And things to caſt away.

So that it ſeemes hir well,
Phy, *phy*, *phy*, *phy*, to ſing,
Since *phy* beſytteth him ſo well
In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy falſe vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, (on womankinde)
To vſe thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
Fye fierce, and foule forſworne,
Phy monſter made of murdring mould
VVhoſe like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirrour of miſcheuouſneſſe,
Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging fyne excuſe,
Phy periury, fy blaſphemy,
Phy bed of al abuſe.

Theſe phyes, and many moe,
Pore *Philomene* may meane,
And in hir ſelfe ſhe findes percaſe,
Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
May not defended bee,
Hir fiſter yet, and ſhe trangreſt,
Though not ſo deepe as he.

His doome came by deſerte,
Their dedes grewe by diſdaine,
But men muſt leaue reuenge to Gods,
VVhat wrong ſoeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
VVhich kildſt thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
VVhich was not movde with milde.

Phy phy, thou cloſe conveydſt
A ſecret il vnſene,
Where (good to kepe in councel cloſe)
Had putrifide thy ſplene.

Phy on thy ſiſters facte,
And phy hir ſelfe doth ſing,
VVhoſe lack of tong nere toucht hir ſo
As when it could not ſting.

Phy on vs both ſaith ſhe,
The father onely faulted,
And we (the father free therewhile)
The ſelly ſonne aſſalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
Is *Iug*, *Iug*, *Iug*, I geſſe,
That might I leaue to latyniſts,
By learning to expreſſe.

Some commentaries make
About it much adoe:
If it ſhould onely *Iugum* meane
Or *Iugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
The *Iug*, ſhe iugleth ſo,
But *Iugulator* is the word
That doubleth al hir woe.

For when ſhe thinkes thereon,
She beares them both in minde,
Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faſt as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So faſt hir conſcience choks hir vp,
And wo to wrong doth linke.

At laſt (by griefe conſtrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May ſcape this ſcourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe (ſir Squire
Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane :

She feeles a iuſt ıeuenge.
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir ſunne.

Ne can ſhe now complaine,
(Although ſhe loſt hir tong)
For ſince that time, ne yet before,
No byrde ſo ſwetely ſoong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe,
I ſat on bench in heauen my ſelfe
VVhen it was graunted ſo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knows not ſhe,
And like hir ſelfe tranſformed eke
A ſelly byrde to bee:

On him this ſharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As ſoone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The ſelly ſhift of dewties dole
VVhich him belongeth to:

His hen ſtraight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And cloſe conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As ſone as ſhe hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame ſhould ſerue them efte,
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To ſeke his ſonne, and filles the ayre
VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothſome liſe he leads
By our almightie dome,
And thus ſings ſhe, where company
But very ſeldome come.

Now leſt my faithful tale
For fable ſhould be taken,
And therevpon my curteſie,
By thee might be forſaken:

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make thereof a metaphore,
So ſhalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and paſtime,
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy skil wil ſerue therto,
And ſo (quoth ſhe) farewell.

The author continevveth his discourse and concludeth.

Wherewith (me thought) ſhe flong ſo faſt away,
That ſcarce I could, hir ſeemely ſhaddowe ſee.
At laſt: my ſtaffe (which was mine onely ſtay)
Did ſlippe, and I, muſt needes awaked be,
Againſt my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
For willingly I could my ſelfe content,
Seuen dayes to ſleepe for *Philomelâs* ſake,
So that my ſleepe in ſuch ſwete thoughts were ſpent.
But you my Lord which reade this ragged verſe,
Forgiue the faults of my ſo ſleepy muſe,
Let me the heaſt of *Nẽmeſis* rehearſe,

For ſure I ſee, much ſenſe therof enſues.
I ſeeme to ſee (my Lord) that lechers luſt,
Procures the plague, and vengaunce of the higheſt,
I may not ſay, but God is good and iuſt,
Although he ſcourge the furdeſt for the nigheſt:
The fathers fault lights ſometime on the ſonne,
Yea foure diſcents it beares the burden ſtil,
Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
That dole ſteppes in and wields the world at wil.
O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
The beſt is bad that lights on lechery
And (al wel weyed) he ſits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feeles no ſharper ſcourge than beggery.
You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vſe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which bewtie force, to looſe what bountie bindes:
Thinke on the ſcourge that *Nẽmeſis* doth beare,
Remember this, that God (although he winke)
Doth ſee al ſinnes that euer ſecret were.
(*Væ vobis*) then which ſtill in ſinne do ſinke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for deſire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The fleſh may ſpurre to euerlaſting fire,
But ſure, that horſe which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the griefe of his forgalded ſides,
Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But huntes for ſinne in euery hil and holte.
He which is ſingle, let him ſpare to ſpil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Leſt when he comes to matrimonies will,
His fyneſt graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may ſuffyſe,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly ſtrife
Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies:
For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* ſhee,
Were ſo transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet ſeemes ſhe not withouten heires to be,
Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can ſcoule,
And beare in breſt a right reuenging mode,
Til time and place, may ſerue to worke their will.
Yea ſurely ſome, the beſt of al the broode
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whoſe force is not to force.
And way their words as blaſts of bluſtring winde,
VVhich comes ful calme, when ſtormes are paſt by courſe:
Yet God aboue that can both loſe and bynde,
VVil not ſo ſoone appeaſed be therefore,
He makes the male, of female to be hated,
He makes the ſire go ſighing wondrous ſore,
Becauſe the ſonne of ſuch is ſeldome rated.
I meane the ſonnes of ſuch raſh ſinning ſires,
Are ſeldome ſene to runne a ruly race.
But plagude (be like) by fathers foule deſires
Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
And howles and cries to ſee his children ſtray,
Where he him ſelfe (and no man better) mought
Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphoſed*,
From ſeemely ſhape, to byrds, and ougly beastes:
Yea braueſt dames, (if they amiſſe once tredde)
Finde bitter ſauce, for al their pleaſant feasts.
They must in fine condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnſeene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at laſt, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
They may *chop chalke*, and take ſome better trade.
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
To like ſuch loue, as is with luſt begonne.
The lawful loue is beſt, and I like that.
Then if you ſee, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
(I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
At bewties blaſe: for ſuch a wilful breache,

Of promiſe made, my Lord ſhal do no wrong,
To ſay (*George*) thinke on *Philomelâes* ſong.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may ſe how coblerlike I haue clouted a new patch to an olde ſole, beginning this complainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little furder in Aprill. 1575 and now hus finiſhed this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April ſhowers are humbly ſent vnto our good Lordſhip, for that I hope very ſhortly to ſee he May flowers of your fauour, which I deſire, more han I can deſerue. And yet reſt

Your Lordships bownden and assured.

LaVergne, TN USA
07 April 2010
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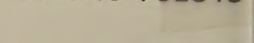

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